

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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DO WE LIVE INSIDE A GLOBE?

See
Page
Seven

A LEAP INTO SPACE

DRAMATIC SCENE IN THE SKY

Heroic Jump of a Pilot a Mile Above the Earth

A TERRIBLE FEW MINUTES

A dramatic story of the clouds comes from Texas, when two aeroplanes came together a mile above the ground at Houston.

This was the way of it. An actress, Miss Rosalie Gordon, had gone up in an aeroplane in order to make a descent from it in a parachute. The parachute in these feats is suspended by a cord below the car of the aeroplane, and, when the parachutist drops, the cord should snap so as to allow the parachute to open out easily.

Preparing to drop, Miss Gordon gave the signal, swung herself out, and awaited for a dizzy half-second the opening of the parachute.

A Miracle Happens

But it did not open. She was falling, without anything to uphold her, through thousands of feet to the earth. Then the first miracle happened. The cords of her parachute were entangled with a rope hanging from the machine. She stopped with a jerk, and hung there, upheld by the rope, between heaven and earth. The rope might hold; but if the parachute cords slipped from it nothing could save her.

In the car of the aeroplane was another flying performer, Diavolo, a well-known gymnast and trick rider. Diavolo saw his companion's plight, and crawled out from the cockpit of the plane on to the landing gear, where, perilously supporting himself, he tried with all his strength to pull the rope up.

It was too heavy. The machine was carefully planing down. Its pilot dare not take it down too steeply. And the fear which struck chill to all hearts was that something would give way before they could get to earth.

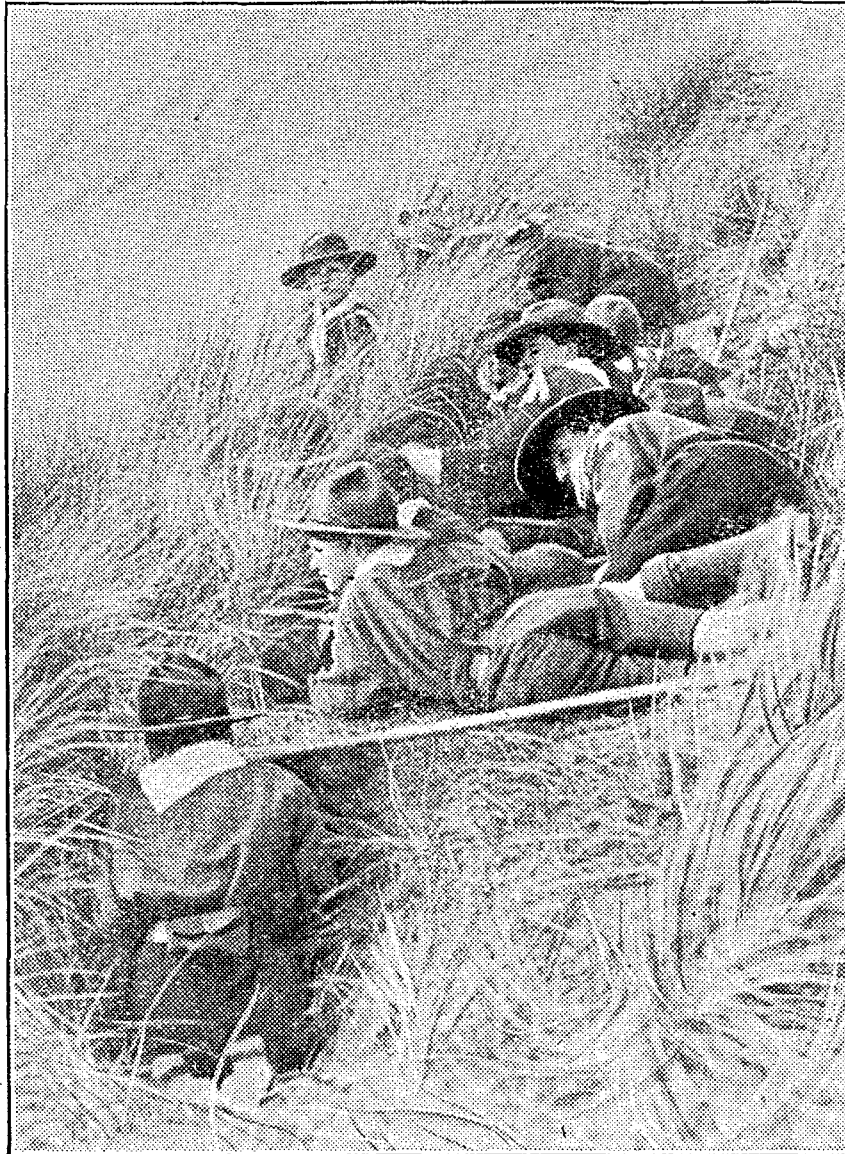
Plight of a Parachutist

Then the second miracle happened—no, not a miracle, but an act of deliberate heroism. Another airman, Fred Loon, was cruising by himself in a plane some distance away. He saw something had happened, came close up, and then appreciated the terrifying plight of the helpless parachutist.

He did not hesitate, except long enough to do what he intended to do skilfully and without fail. He brought his aeroplane close to that of Miss Gordon and her companions, chose his moment with unflinching eye, and jumped. He landed on a wing of Diavolo's plane, while his own machine nose-dived and crashed without a pilot.

From the wing Mr. Loon crawled to the pilot's seat and took his place. The pilot then clambered to Diavolo on the landing gear, and these two hauled Miss Gordon back to safety.

The Scouts Look Out to Sea



These scouts at Perranporth, near Truro, belong to a troop that has just been formed, and they are here learning one of the first lessons of the true scout, that of knowing how to make themselves invisible by taking cover. They are on a cliff overlooking the sea

A LOST MAN

Poor Wanderer on the Face of the Earth

THE THING CALLED WAR

There is a ghost of a man wandering about Europe today, a broken, shattered soldier, deaf and dumb, and without memory. Just to think of him moves our hearts to pity and tears.

The Consul-General of Milan has written to England about him, and a notice is posted in Scotland Yard so that all may know the terrible tale and try to find this poor man's friends.

As long ago as 1917 this man was found on the battlefield of Piave, down at the edge of the Eastern Alps in Italy. He was just a shell-shock case, like so many thousands of others, and was taken to a military hospital.

The doctors "patched him up," and after some time he was discharged. With so many men blind and deaf and maimed leaving the hospitals, perhaps it did not seem so heartless then as it does now to turn the man adrift.

His Lost Happiness

Several women who have lost their sons went a journey to see him, and left him with a double sorrow in their hearts, sorrow for themselves and their beloved dead, and sorrow for the man they hoped had been their son.

He disappeared; set off to find his way home; could remember nothing, say nothing, hear nothing. For seven years he has been wandering about, and now he has been found at Grosseto, near the Tuscan seaboard.

Mothers of sons will not forget to say a prayer tonight for this homeless, motherless one, on whom war has laid her deadly, shrivelling spell. Ten years ago he was happy, and went singing down the primrose way; he gathered to himself the riches of life; he could hear the lark's song at Heaven's gate and the sea surging on the rocks of home.

When the Flags were Flying

The war came, and drums beat up all Europe to arms. He marched off with his regiment on the road of glory, with banners flying, bands playing, a great crowd cheering.

Now he creeps about the world, a broken ghost of a man. He is no one's son, and cannot remember the house where he was born—

The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.

May the kindly earth and the kind sky, flowers and little children, bring peace of their own making to this lost man. May he be cheered on the hard path, and forget that hope is far away.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE

Foot and mouth disease has cost the country £3,250,000, and over 160,000 animals have been killed—89,000 cattle, 30,000 sheep, 42,000 pigs, and 110 goats.

HOW THE WOMEN SAVED THE BELLS

A correspondent who has been in Poland, and heard the village bells of Zakopane ringing, sends us this excellent story of the bells.

WHEN the Great War broke out, the Austrians were short of metals to make guns, so they ordered all the bells to be taken from the churches in Austrian Poland to be melted down.

Zakopane is a little town in the Carpathian Mountains, and here, too, the order came to the priest to give up the church bells. The priest knew he could do nothing against the Austrians, so he gave them up, and preparations were made to take them away.

The news spread through Zakopane and all the villages around, and the peasant women heard it and declared that they would save their bells. They held a great meeting, and when the men came to take the bells away, the church was full of women and girls, who refused to let them in. Day and night the church was full, for they took turns to be there, and from all the

villages in the mountains the women came in to help.

Soldiers were sent for, but the women would not move. An order was given for the leaders to be taken to prison. The women gave twenty names, and the women were taken away. But next day the women were still there, and they gave twenty more names. Day after day they filled the church, and every day they gave twenty more names, till at last the prison at Zakopane was so full that there was nowhere to put the prisoners.

The Russians were pressing the Austrians hard. One set of bells was not worth so much time and so many men, and the Austrians went away. The bells of Zakopane were saved by the Highland women, and now, when all the churches have the great expense of buying new bells to replace the old peals that were fired at their Russian enemy, Zakopane still has her old peal, saved for her by her women.

MOTHER THE BEST FRIEND OF ALL

Parliament's Sympathy with a Great Idea

PENSIONS FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

The House of Commons has passed a resolution in favour of pensions for mothers with fatherless children, or for widows who have lost their breadwinners; and as soon as money can be found for the purpose the proposal will be carried out.

It is an idea which commands the sympathy of all kind-hearted people. It has long been proved that the death-rate among babies whose mothers go out to work is much heavier than among other infants; and it is admitted everywhere that the management of a home and family is work enough for a mother.

Looked at from the highest point of view, such a pension as this would save the bodies and souls of a very large number of children, the nation's most precious possession. Looked at from the lowest point of view, the money assistance would be a splendid national investment, for it would help the working power of the country, and prevent many men and women from becoming a charge upon the nation.

Service to the Nation

Long before the war opinion was growing on this subject, and the writer of these lines introduced into Parliament a Bill to provide pensions for poor widows having one or more children under fifteen, and to give pensions to poor widows over sixty and to poor unmarried women. The beginning of the war postponed the matter, and it had then to be dropped. Since the war, however, Canada has actually established pensions for mothers.

Canada is divided into nine provinces, each of which has its own parliament; and five of the nine provinces—Manitoba, Alberta, Ontario, British Columbia, and Saskatchewan—have laws granting pensions to widowed mothers with young children. These measures are called Mothers' Allowances Acts.

It is the first object of this humane legislation on behalf of the children to promote child welfare. The point of view is that the widow is rendering a service to the nation by maintaining her children, and that she is therefore entitled to honourable assistance for good work done.

Wise and Good Legislation

The rates of pension vary a little in the different Canadian provinces, but the pension is about £8 a month for a widow with one child under 16, with £1 a month extra for each additional child. The pensions are restricted to widows with children not over 16. In one or two cases a clothing allowance is made to the widow, and also for each child.

The legislation is now finally accepted in Canada as being wise and good.

Britain was the first country in which Old Age Pensions were suggested, but several other countries were ahead of her in granting them. Now they are universally recognised as just and wise. We may hope the agitation for the widow's pension will not be so long drawn-out as the old struggle for the Old Age Pension.

THE ZEBRULE

A New Beast of Burden

Animal breeders in East Africa have developed a new beast of burden which they call the zebrule.

It is a cross between a horse and a zebra, stands about 14 hands high, and is very willing and tractable. The animal is said to work just as hard as the mule, but is much less stubborn.

PUTTING POLAND ON HER FEET

A BETTER WAY THAN ARMAMENTS

British Expert's Scheme for Saving the Country

SOUND STEPS TAKEN

There is deep satisfaction for Englishmen in the report Mr. Hilton Young has brought home with him on the result of his visit to Poland.

Poland has been in grave financial trouble, like so many other war-worn countries of Europe, and Mr. Young, looking into its affairs on the invitation of the Polish Government, has been advising as to the way in which those difficulties may be overcome.

The Polish Government has not only asked for his advice, but has accepted it and is acting on it.

There is nothing mysterious about the origin of the trouble, nor, for that matter, is there anything particularly original in the advice how to deal with it. Polish Governments have been spending more on the government of the country than they have been raising in taxation, and, unable to borrow the balance, they have been meeting it by issuing more and more paper money. This has destroyed confidence in the value of the Polish mark at home and abroad, and panic has followed.

Balancing the Budget

What, then, has been Mr. Young's advice? Simply that the Government should go on cutting down expenditure and increasing revenue till they balance each other—a simple matter in theory, but requiring in practice a great deal of courage!

The people of Poland have been gravely impoverished by war. They lived till the peace under three different systems of government, all tyrannical—some under Germany, some under Austria, and some under Russia; and when freedom came with the war there were a hundred different ideas among them as to what the new system should be. They are afraid of Germany and afraid of Russia, and their French advisers have urged upon them ever fresh expenditure on military defences.

Following Good Advice

And now there is to be all-round economy and heavy taxation. What has brought them to it? The cool, calm, reasoned advice of an expert who had been Financial Secretary to the British Treasury.

They know that his advice is disinterested, and they know he knows what he is talking about, and they are doing what he says.

When they have made the Budget balance a new currency is to be issued on a gold basis, and this will be stable because the finances will be stable. When they have a stable currency they will be able to raise loans abroad at reasonable interest for the development of their railways and natural resources.

This is better than building up armaments, which other Governments have urged and helped the Poles to do; and it is Britain which has pointed out the new way.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Angora	An-go-rah
Czechs	Cheks
Oberhof	O-ber-hof
Panthéon	Pon-ta-on
Rhodopis	Ro-do-pis
Serpulae	Ser-pu-lee

BAVARIA SETTLES DOWN

Quieter Days Bring the End of the Dictatorship

BETTER FEELING TOWARDS BERLIN

The quarrel between the Bavarian Republic and the German Government, which in the autumn threatened the break-up of Germany, has now been healed.

Bavaria believed that Berlin was about to go over to Communism, and made a sort of declaration of independence. In particular it announced that the Bavarian division of the German national troops would no longer take their orders from Berlin, but from Munich, the Bavarian capital.

Dr. von Kahr was set up as dictator and General von Lossow as independent command in Bavaria.

Then came the futile attempt under General Ludendorff at an invasion of Prussia, which Von Kahr was obliged to suppress; and with Ludendorff's collapse all real danger of civil war came to an end.

Now, the Bavarian Premier has come to an agreement with the new German Chancellor, Dr. Marx, by which the Bavarian Reichswehr resumes allegiance to Berlin, whereupon Von Kahr and Von Lossow have "resigned."

It seems rather like comic opera now, but the world was seriously alarmed when these queer men first raised the standard of revolt.

The Munich dictatorship ended, and the Separatist folly in the west having been dropped, we may hope that quieter days are in store for Bavaria.

CARRYING US ACROSS THE BRIDGE

Why Not Moving Ways?

A splendid suggestion is made by Mr. Alan Munby about the Thames bridges, which he would like to see made quicker to cross.

Why not have a moving footway across the bridges like the moving stairways in the tubes, but travelling horizontally instead of up and down?

But, someone may ask, if these are to move faster than most people walk, how are we to step on them? That could easily be arranged at each end of the bridge by having three strips side by side, the outer one moving slowly on a short endless band, the second one moving a little faster, and the innermost one moving quite fast.

Then a pedestrian could easily and naturally step from the outer one to the inner one, where he would be carried across the bridge at six or seven miles an hour. The moving footways would be set up on the pavements.

NATIONAL INSURANCE

Filling Up the Gap

The House of Commons has unanimously accepted a sensible Bill of the Government repairing a serious blemish in the unemployment insurance system.

When insurance against unemployment was first introduced, it was considered that once a year insurance payments should cease for a time, so that the recipient should be "compelled to seek work"; but in the exceptional unemployment which has followed the war there has been for thousands no work to seek.

What "the gap" has meant in practice is that unemployed workmen and their families have suddenly found themselves, through no fault of their own, without means to buy food. So they have been thrown upon relief by the Poor Law Guardians, while those too proud to seek such help have gone hungry. This has thrown sudden and heavy burdens on the local rates.

It is this gap which the new Bill abolishes. It will be covered by the insurance fund, to which employers, employees, and the State all contribute.

THE RED AND GREEN SPECTACLES

Curious Illusion at a Theatre

SCENES THAT COME AND GO

A curious thing has lately been witnessed at one of the London theatres.

Every member of the audience is given a pair of spectacles with one red and one green lens, and the audience is invited to put on the glasses during one of the scenes. As the people look at the stage they suddenly see balls, baskets, boots, and other things apparently being thrown at their heads, and although these objects never strike them, or even come near them, the illusion is so real that many of the spectators duck their heads and some have been known to scream.

It can hardly be said to be an edifying spectacle in a theatre, but it is an interesting optical trick, and will remind older readers of the C.N. of an interesting toy that was given away with the original edition of the Children's Encyclopedia.

Picture that Disappeared

The toy consisted of a card on which were printed two pictures, one over the other; one in green and the other in red. Attached to the card were pieces of red and green gelatine, and when the card was looked at through red only the green picture was seen, the red disappearing; similarly, when the card was looked at through green only the red picture was seen.

The explanation is that as the red gelatine and the red picture give out light rays of the same wave-length, these merge, and it is impossible to distinguish one from the other, whereas the green picture, giving out rays of a different wave-length, can be distinguished quite easily.

This is the principle used at the theatre. Red and green lights are thrown upon the moving objects, and their density is adjusted to the colours of the glass, so that the objects may appear or disappear as required.

THE NEW TURKEY

Young Turks Go Forward

The Angora Assembly, the Republican Parliament of Turkey, recently appointed a commission to draft a new constitution which should put the Revolutionary Government on a permanent basis.

The Commission has begun correctly enough. Every Turkish male citizen over 18 is to have a vote for the Assembly. That is a young age for citizenship according to Western ideas, but the Oriental grows up early. To be a candidate for membership of the Assembly he must be 30, so having a twelve-years' apprenticeship to the art of governing.

We cannot expect that women's suffrage will come early in a Mohammedan country, though Turkish women enjoy much greater freedom than they did a few years ago.

There is to be a general election every four years, but the President can dissolve the Assembly sooner, though he must give his reasons.

All this is excellent so far as it goes, but we have learned by now that it is in its practical working, not merely in its written construction, that a constitution is proved to be really democratic.

It is many years now since the Young Turks set out to democratise their country. Let us hope the event will prove that they have succeeded at last.

THE DOCKERS AT WORK AGAIN

The docks are busy at work again, the men having been granted a rise in wages of 1s. a day now and another 1s. in June, with an inquiry into the possibility of making their work more certain and regular.

IN THE PYRAMID ENGINEER'S CALL FOR EXPLORATION

What the Ancient Wonder is
Like Inside

A CINDERELLA OF LONG AGO

The engineer who dug up Cleopatra's Needle fifty years ago, built the iron cylinder round it, and fitted it for its stormy voyage to London, has been suggesting that, while so much exploration is being done in Egypt the Great Pyramid should be explored.

The engineer is Mr. Waynman Dixon, who spent much time in the Great Pyramid when he was engineering in Egypt half a century ago, and has himself made discoveries of interesting passages in the pyramid. We take the following description of a visit inside the pyramid from Arthur Mee's Golden Year.

Wonderful and terrible it is to look at in the stillness, the mightiest mass of stone that has ever been moved from one place to another. It is a mountain made by hands—756 feet square and 451 feet high—but it is much more than a mountain; it is a building.

The Stillness of the Pyramid

Beyond the stillness round us where we sit, deeper than the silence we can almost feel, is a stillness deeper yet; it is in the very heart of this Great Pyramid, where we can walk about, can lean on the great stone coffin in which a king once lay, and there can be in perhaps the stillest and loneliest and most appalling place that men have made.

Pulled, dragged, and carried up these narrow ways by Arabs, we are rewarded at the end—if anything in this place can be called a reward—for beyond the Great Gallery, which stretches like a street for fifty yards, we reach a little square space, seventeen feet one way and exactly twice seventeen the other way. We are in the King's Chamber.

A Stifling Journey

Men have spent years in exploring the inside of this Great Pyramid; it is said there is room for 3000 chambers like the king's. As we grope our way back to the entrance we are glad to get out of it, and on our stifling journey out we picture to ourselves the strange processions of men who now and again throughout the ages have burst into the silence of this place.

We remember, too, that the niches which help us to keep our footing were probably used for moving the great stone coffin of the king along into its resting-chamber. Perhaps we remember the story of the poor ox whose bones an English traveller found in the pyramid next to this, and we wonder if these bones, which are now in England, are the relics of a festive banquet in such strange surroundings, or if the poor creature found its way into the pyramid and, stricken with terror, lay down to die.

The Hunt for a Shoe

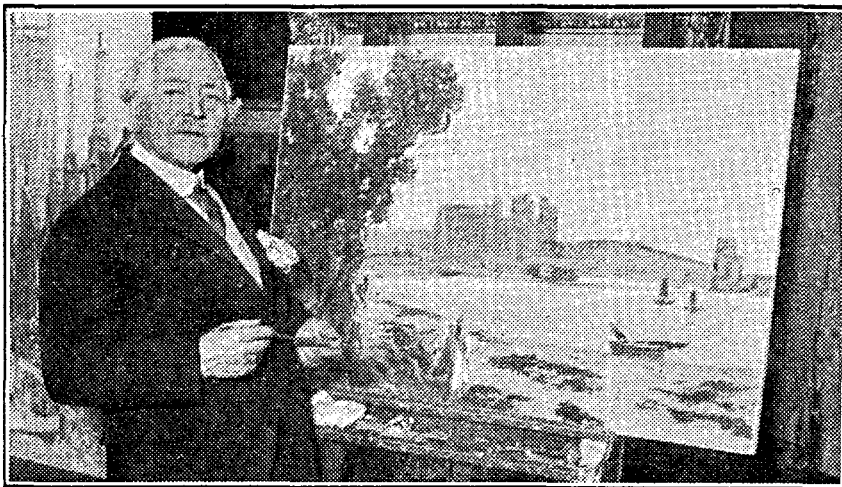
A prettier story is told of the next pyramid but one, the third and the smallest of the three. It is like a story of an ancient Cinderella, whose name was Rhodopis. Rhodopis was bathing one day when an eagle carried off one of her shoes and dropped it into the lap of a king who was on the judgment-seat at Memphis, twelve miles across the sand.

The king, surprised by so strange a happening, sent out his messengers to seek the other shoe, and Rhodopis was found at Naulkratis and brought to the king, who made her his wife, and set up the third pyramid in her memory. It is probably just a story, and we need not believe that fair Rhodopis lies

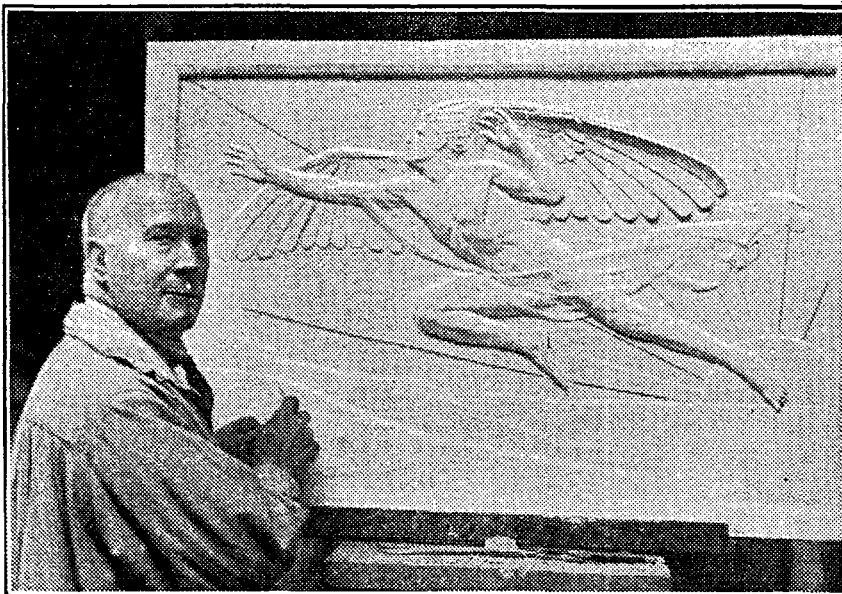
'Mid sunless gold and jewels hid,
The Lady of the Pyramid;

but it is pleasant to have a tale to tell to relieve the gloom of such a place, and at least there is nothing in the Great Pyramid itself so beautiful as this legend.

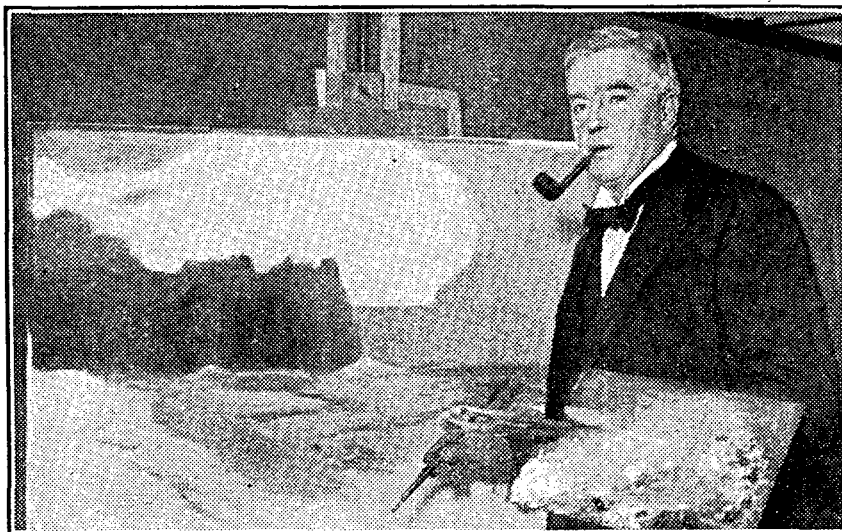
THE OUT-OF-DOOR PICTURE GALLERY



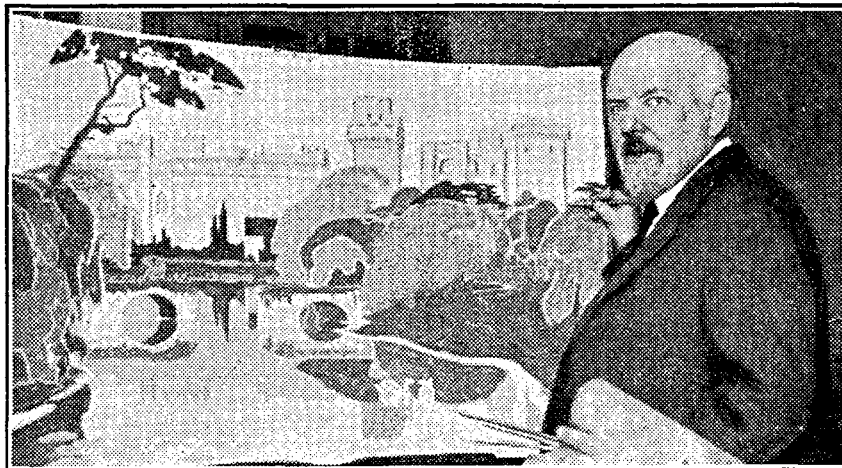
Sir David Murray, R.A., and his picture of Conway Castle



Sir Bertram Mackennal, R.A., at work on his representation of Speed



Mr. Julius Olsson, R.A., and his picture of Dunlase Castle



Mr. Adrian Stokes, R.A., and his poster of Warwick Castle

The London, Midland, and Scottish Railway Company has ordered from distinguished Royal Academicians a number of posters advertising its line, and here we see some of the artists at work on the pictures they are preparing for the hoardings

A MATCHLESS TOUCH OF BRITISH GENIUS GILBERT AND SULLIVAN COME HOME AGAIN

An Alliance Unequalled
Anywhere Else in the World
VOICE OF MERRIE ENGLAND

By Our Music Correspondent

There is a magic at work in London! Search the world over, and you will not find a magic like it anywhere. It is the magic of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Once again London has the rare opportunity of hearing and seeing the matchless operas which came from this remarkable partnership, and the spell cast by the two wizards proves to be still unbroken. Their operas stand supreme above anything of the kind in the whole world.

The company which plays this matchless series of comic operas returns to town after an absence of two years, and is to remain only a few weeks, though tens of thousands of people wish to hear them.

Spirit of Old England

There are the veterans who learned and loved the operas as they first appeared about 40 years ago. There are the many who have rarely seen them played. There are the multitudes of the rising generation to whom this wonderful collection of wit, humour, and exquisite music is but a legend.

Fourteen Gilbert and Sullivan operas exist, some shorter than the shortest of Wagner's, the majority full length, yet we rarely have a chance of hearing them. They give forth the finest spirit of the England that knew not the war, and to see them afresh is to return to those happy days.

A Secret Worth Copying

Sir William Gilbert invented the plots and wrote the words and lyrics, poking fun at folly and pretence, coining brilliant merriment out of pompous nonsense. Sir Arthur Sullivan composed the music for all, witty music, music that tilts and laughs, music that has a tear behind its wistful smile, music that has its grandeur and profundity, music that has that first quality of fine poetry—a power to clasp the mind and entwine itself for life about our memory.

Nowhere else can we find such a mass of wit and loveliness so perfectly combined: sweet, wholesome, the merriest and maddest fantasies, without one single indelicacy of thought, language, gesture, costume. These two rare spirits did nothing mean or common. They had a secret that the caterers for our pleasures in these days might well copy, for it is everybody's now, the secret that the stage can be at its wittiest and best without vulgarity.

Rare Fruits of Genius

Why is it that these operas are rationed to us, like coal and gas and meat in war time? They turn away enough money—because all seats are booked in advance—to make the fortune of many another play. The beautiful Savoy Theatre was built solely for them, yet the Savoy knows them no more.

London, with its myriad visitors, could support a run of Gilbert and Sullivan extending without a break for the next two years, yet the present admirable company is here and is gone like the fabled fruit of Tantalus.

With the greatest cordiality we welcome these rare fruits of English genius, and we are grieved that we cannot retain them to show them to our visitors from the outer world with a proud flourish, saying, "Here is the authentic voice of modern Merrie England."

A PLACE OF PURE DELIGHT MARBLE PALACE OF BOOKS

The Rich Man Who Collected Beautiful Things

AND WHAT HE HAS DONE WITH THEM

Book-lovers all over the world are thinking with amazement and delight of the great Morgan Library which has just been presented, in a most princely fashion, to New York.

The mere money value of this library is stupendous, for it is worth some three million five hundred thousand pounds; but its real value cannot be reckoned in gold.

A man cannot lay down three and a half million pounds and say, "Buy me a library, and have it ready when my new house is ready." A collection of books like this takes at least a lifetime to amass, and its collector must be a man to whom the great cities of the world and their riches of learning are but stages in his endless quest.

A Lover of Books

The famous Pierpont Morgan was one of the best known men in two continents. Nature had given him a double endowment; he was a born financier and a born collector. For the last 25 years of his life the love of books, manuscripts, engravings, prints, pictures, antiquities of all kinds, became a passion which controlled and directed his movements. His nephew and two ladies, all specialists in various subjects, were drawn into his service.

Then it happened that valuable manuscripts and books began to be mysteriously bought, at fabulous prices, and carried away to an unknown place. The secret was kept a long time, and only after many years was it known that Mr. Morgan was getting together something of a library. When it became as nearly complete as one man in his lifetime, busied with many other affairs, can hope to accomplish, Mr. Morgan caused a house to be built for its accommodation. This might better be called a marble palace, and it was erected in the grounds of Mr. Morgan's house in East 36th Street, New York.

Mecca of Students

At the time of his death, in the year before the war, the library came to be talked of as one of the biggest and most wonderful libraries in the possession of any man. An inventory of its contents covered a thousand folio pages. Students and book-lovers all over the world thought of it with envy and wonder and a sort of worship, as a pilgrim might think of Mecca; and every now and then people have said: "What is going to happen to the Morgan library?"

Now this wonderful thing has happened. The library belongs now to the students and book-lovers all over the world who have thought so much about it. In person, so to speak, it belongs, marble palace and all, to New York; but New York only holds it in trust for any serious scholar of any race and age who wishes to examine its treasures.

A Wonderful Collection of Bibles

Think with what joy young men and women in America will sit down and look at the great Bible collection, for instance—Bibles in many languages and dialects; Bibles belonging to kings and princes, and to princes who never wore a crown, like Sir Walter Scott. There are famous Psalters and Books of Hours, too, wrought by monks

THRILLS FROM SPACE INTERESTING THINGS HEARD BY WIRELESS

How Paris and Moscow Tapped Out the Time Together

AN OFFER TO LISTENERS-IN

Most of us will probably agree with the man who said that he would rather hear a thrush sing in England than a man cough in America.

He is right, of course, and yet there is something wonderful beyond words in the thought of sitting in a little room in London and hearing a man cough on the other side of the Atlantic.

We have received a few examples of interesting things heard by wireless in response to the suggestion in the C.N. the other day.

We hear of the barking of dogs having been picked up; of the tinkling of glasses at banquets; of private remarks overheard at dinner-tables; of the turning over of pages by broadcasters; of the turning aside of one of the good uncles of the B.B.C. to ask about the pronunciation of a name—and, of course, of the turning aside of Mr. Lloyd George to ask where somebody was born, a little private question which was heard by thousands of people and read by many millions.

Heard on the Hilltop

We ourselves have heard nothing more interesting or more thrilling than a few taps we used to hear on a Kent hilltop long before the B.B.C. was born, and long before wireless sets were common. They were the time-signals from Paris and Moscow, and what was so thrilling about them was that it was possible by a touch to get the taps alternately, one from Paris and the next from Moscow. This tap came from a little man sitting at the Eiffel Tower in Paris; the next was from a little man sitting in the Kremlin at Moscow. Paris, Moscow—Paris, Moscow, came the taps, little messages moment by moment from men miles apart.

Wireless is a common wonder now, but for ourselves we do not think it will bring to us any thrill greater than this.

The Editor of the C.N. will give a guinea to the reader who sends him, in the next week or two, the most interesting thing heard over the wireless, the decision being made by the Editor. Five shillings will be paid for any other examples the Editor thinks worthy of acknowledgment. Envelopes should be marked "Wireless."

Continued from the previous column

long before the invention of printing. Such a display of illuminated manuscripts has never before been seen out of Europe. The manuscripts in the library make us in England feel envious, though we cannot but be glad that our fellow scholars in America have the right to call them theirs; the manuscripts of nine Scott novels, of Dickens's Christmas Carol, of Paradise Lost, of Dr. Johnson's works, and many, many others.

It is not given to every man to make history for his country. Mr. Pierpont Morgan as the financier and millionaire would not very long have been remembered, but the creator of the Morgan Library will go down in the story of his country as one of its greatest benefactors. For there is no such thing as fashion in libraries of this kind. These priceless manuscripts and books will but increase rather than fall away in value. They belong to a period of the world's history whose glamour can never be recaptured, and American boys and girls five hundred years hence will bless the name of Pierpont Morgan.

THE BRITISH FLEET Where Its Chief Ships Are to be Seen

TASK OF POLICING THE SEAS

The Admiralty has announced an interesting departure in naval policy.

Till ten years before the war Britain's strongest fleet was stationed in the Mediterranean. Then, gradually, in response to the German menace, the North Sea held our strongest fleet.

By an understanding with France we even left the guarding of our Mediterranean interests to her, while she left the guarding of her northern shores to us. Then came the war, followed by the scuttling of their own captive fleet by the Germans at Scapa Flow; and now we are to go back to the old dispositions of our ships.

After five years our Admiralty has realised that the German menace is past, and our strongest fleet is to return to where our greatest interests lie—between Gibraltar and Port Said. It cannot be said that we have enemies there; our task is merely to police the great sea route to India and the East.

Some day the policing of the high seas will be recognised as the international duty it is, and the League of Nations will take charge of it, giving out the patrol work to certain States to carry out on its behalf; and chief among the "mandatories," we may be sure, will be Great Britain.

VOLCANO TO LET

Useful as a Power Station

Probably for the first time in history a volcano is to let.

It stands in Bolivia, and is being offered for sale or rent. The announcement declares it to be capable of furnishing enough steam to develop electrical energy equal to about 400 million kilowatt-hours a year.

Jets of vapour shoot up from the sides of the volcano, and experts who have surveyed the mountain estimate its possible power at the figure stated.

Those who own the rights over the volcano do not possess the capital necessary for its development, and that is why they are offering it for sale.

Of course, in Italy volcanic power is already in use for working factories, and there seems no reason why, on the line of the Andes, some of the mighty volcanoes still active should not be used for the same purpose. See *World Map*

THE ACROBATIC TRAIN Extraordinary Event in Berlin

A train which stood on its head was seen the other day on an elevated portion of railway in Berlin.

A portion of a viaduct over which the line runs gave way, leaving a gap more than sixty feet wide. An oncoming train rushed into the gap, and the locomotive plunged into the street below, while one of the carriages attached to it stood endways on the roof of a house.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Old Burgundian tapestry panel . . .	£714
Louis XVI silk panelling . . .	£420
Louis XV drawing-room suite . . .	£409
An Old Pretender engraved glass . . .	£270
A drawing by T. Collier . . .	£168
Eight Hepplewhite chairs . . .	£157
Pair of satinwood cabinets . . .	£147
A Jacobite engraved wineglass . . .	£145
A Chinese rug . . .	£144
George I silver teapot . . .	£135
An Aubusson carpet . . .	£126
An Italian carved gilt chest . . .	£120
Queen Anne walnut cabinet . . .	£75
Vellum edition of Magna Carta . . .	£62
A Natal shilling buff stamp . . .	£29
A Jamaica 1921 shilling stamp . . .	£29
A Charles II silver porringer . . .	£24
A Japanese porcelain cistern . . .	£17

A complete reconstructed sheet of the 1840 Great Britain 1d. black stamps sold for £26.

HELP FOR THE FARMER

How to Bring Back His Old Prosperity

ORGANISATION AND COOPERATION

Agriculture is the greatest and oldest of all our industries, and its prosperity is vital to us all. How can we bring back its old prosperity?

Farmers wanted a tax on foreign wheat to enable them to charge more for their own, but the politicians dared not propose that because it would raise the price of bread. Mr. Baldwin's Government proposed instead that they should have £1 for every acre they sowed each year, but the electors decided against that too.

The new Government does not believe the farmers need either, and the best authorities seem to agree. It would be difficult in any case to give either protection or bounties to the farmers alone, and it is certainly impossible to give them all round.

Good farming, well organised, say the experts, can pay its way, though there must, of course, be good and bad years, which must be set one against the other.

Servants of the Nation

Organisation, therefore, is what the new Government has fixed on as the farmer's chief need. If each man buys for himself and sells for himself he cannot buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest—the secret of success in business of every kind. The new Government wants to help the farmers to cooperate for both buying and selling.

The Government is not content with offering advice; it proposes either to lend or guarantee the money necessary to set up the machinery of cooperation all over the country, to be controlled by the farmers themselves, with the watchful help of Government experts.

It will surely be an enormous gain to the farmers to club together, not only for the buying of seed, fertilisers, and implements, and the grading and marketing of their produce, but for the transport by light railways and motor-lorries of what they buy and what they sell.

Farming is a great national service, and needs a great national organisation for its effective working.

THE SUBMARINE

Is It to be Used for Frightfulness?

AN APPEAL TO FRANCE

It is certainly unfortunate that France, in ratifying the agreement signed at Washington for the limitation of navies, should have failed to include in her approval the clauses against the use of submarines for destroying commerce.

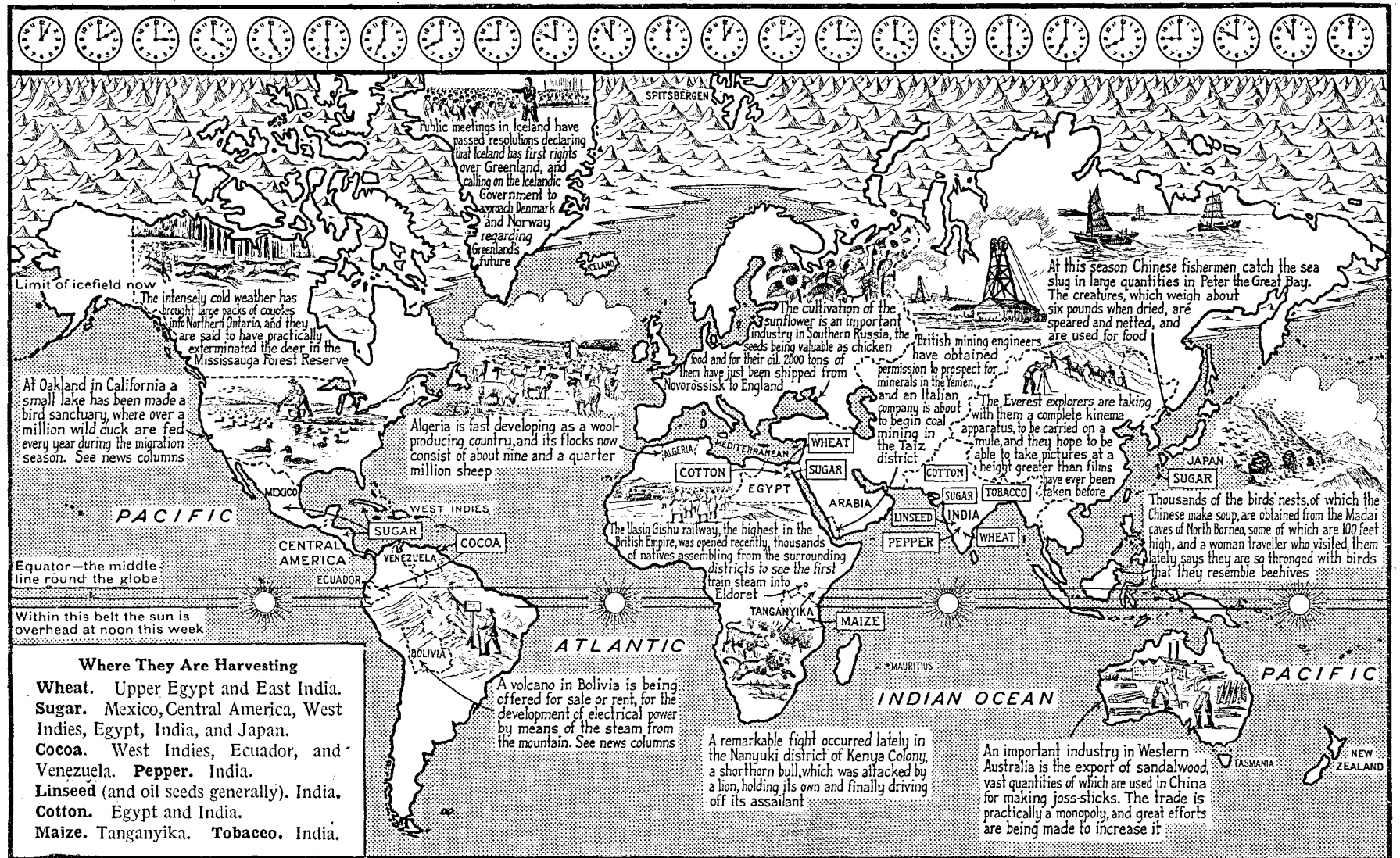
This sad news has just been received from an answer to a question in the House of Commons. Britain, America, and Japan have accepted the clauses, and are therefore bound by them; France alone is free to follow the evil example of Germany in the Great War.

No reasons for the omission are known, but all the world is aware that France has been building a great number of submarines, and that French naval writers are asserting that Germany was quite right in the use she made of hers during the war.

And we all thought that "frightfulness" was destroyed when the German navy was beaten and confiscated! All friends of France in Great Britain hope that France will lose no time in putting herself right with the world in this matter.

We venture, as speaking for the youth of a nation more than friendly to France, to enter a plea with that great Power to assent formally to an agreement which means so much to the future of humanity and to the good name of the human race as a whole.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



HAPPY NIGERIA Benefits of British Rule

The new Legislative Council for Nigeria has just been considering its first budget.

A population greater than those of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand together is governed at a cost of less than six millions a year—not 2s. a head.

Traders are impatient because they are able so far to get only 20 million pounds' worth of overseas trade with this great dependency, whose people are not as alive as they should be to the advantages of bartering their produce for Britain's manufactures.

In other days, under other masters, they would have been encouraged to work to the traders' satisfaction by other means than love of barter, but it is Britain's policy that the Crown Colonies should be administered in the interest chiefly of their native inhabitants and not of the traders.

So their trading instinct will be left to develop at its natural rate. Meanwhile, they are far from idle, for they do a good trade among themselves.

The new Legislative Council consists mainly of officials, but the traders and the natives themselves have their representatives, so that government in the interest of the governed is carried on.

WILD DUCK HOTEL A Town and the Birds

The Californian city of Oakland does a great thing every year for the migrating wild ducks.

The city boasts of a small lake, and the authorities have turned this into a sanctuary, in which over a million wild ducks are fed every year during the migrating season.

A generous supply of grain is always on hand for the feathered travellers, who seem to understand that they are safe from molestation there. Every year more and more of the birds break their journey at the lake, which is now called the Wild Duck Hotel. See World Map

NEW USE FOR WASTE Furnaces Fed with Rubbish

Ten million tons of rubbish is thrown away each year in Great Britain, practically all of which could be used for fuel, and has been estimated as worth at least five shillings a ton.

A large works in Sheffield has just been fitted with suitable means for burning rubbish, and is consuming 500 tons a day. Huge dumps of thousands of tons of coke breeze lie about the country, and have been looked upon as one form of useless rubbish. By burning it in suitable furnaces it is found that it has three-quarters the fuel value of coal.

Rubbish is being used for fuel on a large scale in some works at Coventry, and is now being tried in London.

VISITING HIS VALET No Colour Line for the President

The Negro colony in Washington was greatly excited the other day when President Coolidge came to call.

The President's coloured valet was ill, and, despite the cares and worries of a trying session of Congress, nothing would satisfy the Chief Citizen but that he and Mrs. Coolidge should pay a personal visit. The arrival of the great limousine with the White House coat-of-arms on its door created a stir in the Negro quarter, and there was quite a crowd waiting to cheer the President as he left his valet's door.

WHAT THE SAILORS SAW A Volcano at Sea

The crew of a freighter making its way through the South Seas saw a wonderful sight not long ago.

They saw a column of steam, evidently over a volcano, rise a hundred feet in the air, and it was almost as wide as it was high. The steam poured out for a few minutes and then disappeared, while the water in the vicinity became very disturbed.

NEW USE FOR THE GREAT PEAKS Mountains as Wireless Masts

In Bavaria the mountain peaks are being used to make gigantic aerials with which to receive wireless waves.

Wire cables are laid over T-shaped poles on two peaks, one of which is 5100 feet high and the lower one 2820 feet, the cables stretching from one peak to another.

At the two ends of the cables, where they are led over the T-shaped supports, are counterweights which slide up and down and help to keep the wires taut when they are stretched by the wind or by changes of temperature.

AN AEROPLANE FEAT Photographing a City from Above

The huge map, measuring ten feet by eight, which has been made from aerial photographs giving a survey of the city of New York, includes an area of over 400 square miles.

It is the biggest air-map yet made, and represents the combination of over 2000 photographs taken from aeroplanes, which covered a distance of over 3000 miles. It required 140 small maps, each obtained from a large number of photographs, which were taken with a new type of camera that has been invented for surveying purposes.

A RIVER OF FIRE Steel Railway Bridge Twisted

It was an awe-inspiring sight when a train of fourteen huge oil tanks was wrecked on a bridge in the Western United States not long ago.

The oil caught fire, and, pouring down on to the water below, made it a veritable river of fire. The current carried the flaming liquid down the stream, but as it occurred in a sparsely settled locality little damage was done. The steel bridge, however, was badly twisted by the heat of the flames.

A SCHOOL WRITES A HISTORY

Fine Example from the Isle of Wight

THE BEMBRIDGE BOOK

One of the greatest literary needs of rural England is that in every locality someone should try to write exhaustively the local history and science.

The most obvious candidates for this task, one would think, would be the educated and intellectual clergy. They usually have the time and the opportunities for studies which, if well recorded, would have a permanent value. But, as a rule, they have not felt a call to do this necessary work.

The next most obvious students of local lore are the staffs and senior scholars of public schools. The best way of learning how to study the Earth anywhere is to study it just where you happen to be. In that way the close observer may learn how to study wherever he may be. A conspicuous example of the right kind has been furnished by Bembridge School, in the Isle of Wight, under the wardenship of Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse.

The school has written and published a singularly complete history of the corner of the Isle of Wight in which the school stands. In a book attractively printed the history of the island has been fully sketched. Special periods, such as those of the Roman, Jutish, and Danish invasions, are commented on, and Frode's description of the last French invasion is quoted. The story of the chief physical features is told carefully, and local legends, seashore life, bird life, agricultural and plant life, are described. The editor of the work traces the literary associations.

The book is a conspicuously successful attempt to survey all the chief features of history and science illustrated in a limited district; and similar surveys might well be made from many schools.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 8

1924

A Master Problem of
Our Race

HERE are the simple facts about one of the greatest problems in the British Empire.

About three in four of the people of the Empire live in India, and the new Legislative Assembly of India has asked that the government be transferred to Indians.

The people who took part in the election number about five millions out of a population of 300 millions. These five millions would like to have the Constitution of the country altered so that they could take over the government of the rest. About 60 millions of the people are men of no caste, who may not be touched by the rest without those who touch them being defiled, and these 60 millions know that their welfare depends on the continuance of British rule, which gives justice to all alike.

The demand of Home Rule for India, by the small minority of educated Indians who have votes, is the greatest human problem our race has to deal with; and every British voter, every school in the Empire, filled with children who will be voters, should know the facts.

India is a country with 44 distinct States, and many more distinct tribes, speaking scores of languages. The people range from those who are highly civilised to those who are in a semi-savage state. The country, divided sharply by race, language, and religion, was entirely under autocratic rule, shattered by wars and famines, and a prey to the stronger races before British rule brought peace.

With our British rule we took to India our own ideas, and a small educated minority of Indians has adopted those ideas as part of its education. Now this minority wishes to dispossess the British of that power to rule which has held the balance fairly between men of all races, religions, and languages, and has set India on the way to becoming a nation. But India is not a nation, and that is the trouble.

India is a great assembly of races without essential unity, and the British spirit which holds her together is the most precious possession India has.

The British admit that a time will come when divided India may grapple with the difficult task of self-government, but it has not arrived. The very fact that a majority of the Legislative Assembly think it has arrived shows their incompetence to govern. Britain has no selfish interest to serve in this great Empire of the East; but she would be a traitor to humanity if she surrendered her heavy burden into incompetent hands.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



It Pays

PRISONS are closing in Switzerland, as they will some day close all over the world.

The Swiss have discovered that if they put their criminals in colonies, set them to work on the land, feed them well, and encourage them to be happy, intelligent, and loyal, they become not only good citizens but a profitable investment.

Once more, goodness pays. Will all other countries please follow?

Another Reason for Being Good

AN American writer lays it down that the butterfly is one of the most wicked and destructive of creatures *when it is in an immature state*; but that when it grows up it becomes "an angel of goodness and innocence."

A pleasant stimulus to being our best; when we are our worst we are merely *immature*.

I hunger and I thirst
To be my super-best,
For when I am my worst
I'm just an insect pest.

It sounds rather horrid; yet Peter Puck assures us it is true.

The Cheery People

THERE is no stopping the cheeriness of some people. Our Picture Editor, having knocked his knee and wakened up some old germs sleeping there for 20 years, and having been taken hastily from his pictures, writes:

I am in a first-rate nursing home. My doctor has certainly proved his mettle in his rapid action; he dresses my wound himself, and is ever so careful; thank goodness, as it hurts like billy-ho!

They have taken out about a little finger's amount of bone which was rotten, have scraped it up nicely with carbolic, and bored, with a noise like a marble mason's yard (I did not hear it, thank goodness) two holes in the sound bone to ease the tension.

They are busy now draining out the poison and counteracting the germ beasties, and, thanks to Lister, they will win. A word of gratitude to Simpson should also be here recorded.

When we are healthy and sound and bad-tempered it is good to have a little merriment from a nursing home, and a word of gratitude to our Picture Editor is here recorded.

Redskins and Wheels

FIFTY years ago there was scarcely one small boy in Britain who did not play at Red Indians and dream about Palefaces and Buffaloes.

Today it would be difficult to find any boy who gives even a passing thought to these matters. The juvenile mind has made a complete break with the past. It is absorbed in the future.

Wonderful may be the results of this intense thinking in the region of mechanism.

He maketh his own sunrise while he sings,
And turns the dusty world to Paradise.

The Protestors

THE actors are objecting to Daylight Saving because it keeps people out of theatres. Peter Puck is expecting the mattress-makers to protest against daylight because it keeps people out of bed.

Tip-Cat

AN American politician declares his life is an open book. His enemies say he should turn over a new leaf.

A CORRESPONDENT asks if goldfish have any intelligence. Not enough to come out of the wet.

THE Minister of Health says that when he makes a speech it takes him three hours to explain it. We like plain speaking better than ex-plain speaking.



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO
KNOW

If we break our
word when we
drop a remark

would solve the housing problem if they came up this spring.

IN money, writes an economist, we have something tangible. But not audible, though it talks.

DURING illness lines often form on the face. Of course, in the case of an out-patient they are only outlines.

LORD BIRKENHEAD is publishing his ideas about living politicians. The only way left to him of bringing them to book.

THERE are 2400 pieces of glass in the windows of Buckingham Palace. The builders took a lot of panes over it.

The Most Terrible Words

WHAT is the most terrible sentence ever written? we were asked the other day. We do not know; but would it be, we wonder, those few words on one of our Lord Chancellors, Alexander Wedderburn, of whom a writer said that *there was something about him that treachery could not trust?*

A Prayer for the League of Nations

O God of Love, Father of Men, from whom alone desires of peace and fellowship come, and in whom alone can such desires bear fruit, pour out Thy blessing on the League of Nations, that it may bring peace, abolishing war, and hasten in Thy love the time when all men will have been gathered unto Thee in unity and amity, in the name of the Prince of Peace.

Poems of Peter Puck

The Culpit's Escape

"You go to bed for that!" says Kate,
And doesn't know a bit
That in my bed I emigrate,
With heaps of hunting kit,
To lands where tigers show their force,
And lions roar like guns,
And where I ride the fierce black horse
That every cowboy shuns.

SHE doesn't know that I can shoot
An eagle or a bear,
And that I've only got to hoot
To bring Red Indians near,
Who throng me round with things to eat
As good as cakes from Gunter's,
And bid me take the great chief's seat,
And call me king of hunters.

POOR Kate, she's very, very kind,
And does resist temptation,
But I'm afraid that in her mind
There's no imagination!

The Lifeboat Comes Home

By Our Country Girl!

HERE she comes! Twice this week the lifeboat has been out; once she wandered up and down the Channel all night looking for a vessel that was never found. Since five this morning she has been standing by a tramp driven on to a shoal. Now, with the tide, she has come tossing back to us.

All the little boys caper on the slippery mud, all the dogs bark, all the mackintosh-clad elders wish that someone else would be brave enough to start cheering. The crew ship their oars, the line is thrown, caught, fastened; the boat is hauled in.

The men in yellow oilskins are nearly all elderly fishermen. Their faces are blue; as they scramble out of the boat, numbed and clumsy, one falls into the breaking waves.

What They Missed

"Aren't they splendid?" says A. "I wish we could do something for them. Why doesn't someone cheer?" "For the same reason you don't," says B. "We'd better go now; we shall be late for luncheon."

"There ought to be a boiler of soup in the boat-house," continues A.

"Their wives have put kettles on," returns B. "I daresay they'll have the best meal they've had for weeks tonight. Come on. There's a crowd round the boat-house. Let's cut across the rock; it will be quicker."

"I wish we could do something for them!" laments A, once more.

Later on they met a native, and described their sensations on seeing for the first time the lifeboat come in. A repeated her desire to do something for the brave crew.

"But you could!" says the native. "How ever did you dodge the collection by the boat-house?"

Our anger and impatience often prove more mischievous than the things we are angry and impatient about.

MARCUS AURELIUS

DO WE LIVE INSIDE A GLOBE?

WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES WIRELESS POSSIBLE?

Remarkable Idea of an Envelope of Frozen Nitrogen THE CRYSTAL ROUND THE WORLD

Something impressive beyond words is there in the thought of this globe of ours spinning through boundless space and through boundless years of time.

But now there comes another thought from one of the wise minds of our day: Do we live inside a globe as well as on a globe?

Ages ago, when men believed that the Earth was a very small place, they believed that the heavens were actually a solid globe, with shining stars fixed in the walls. We have laughed at that idea as we have laughed at the old alchemists who believed they could change the nature of the elements and make base metals into gold. But the alchemists were nearer the truth than even the wisest man suspected twenty years ago; we know now that they had the dim beginnings of the wonderful new knowledge that is changing all our ideas of matter.

A Wireless Puzzle

And soon, it may be, we shall have to cease laughing at the ancients who believed that our Earth moved in a solid globe, for the idea is not so wild as once it seemed to be. A wise man now puts it forward as an explanation of mysteries which have long puzzled the scientists.

It has always been puzzling to experts that wireless waves should travel round the world instead of being lost in the depths of space, as one would expect; and the new theory would account for this natural mystery. It is Professor Vigard, of Christiania University, who puts it forward, and it is being discussed with much interest in scientific circles.

The professor declares that on the borders of the Earth's atmosphere is a layer made up of solid crystals of nitrogen. He believes that the whole Earth, with its atmosphere, is enclosed in a crystal globe, and that this globe is responsible for some of the queer things that happen and have hitherto remained unexplained.

Why the Sky is Blue

It is this globe of nitrogen crystals, he says, which gives the sky its blue colour, and it is this also which makes long-distance wireless possible; for without the non-conducting blanket of crystals the electric waves would lose themselves in the ether instead of travelling round the world. Further, the existence of the nitrogen crystals accounts for the mysterious green line in the spectrum of the Northern Lights.

Professor Vigard had already informed the scientific world of his extraordinary theory of the globe of solid nitrogen around the Earth, and, while it has not yet been generally accepted, it is agreed that there are real grounds for the theory.

Colours of the Aurora

Recent investigations into the phenomenon of the Aurora Borealis have, he says, led to further important discoveries confirming his views, and he has no doubt of the truth of the crystal globe theory.

To most observers in the Northern regions, especially in the Arctic, the light has most often a rosy or greenish tinge. In the Antarctic, on the contrary, the lights begin with a yellow glow, and a golden light is most frequent.

When these lights are examined by the spectroscope, we know the nature of the gas in the place whence the light comes. When the light of the Aurora was examined by Professor Vigard, he

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Matches, which have hitherto been a state monopoly in France, are now to be made in private factories.

After the Light Brigade

An old London journalist has lately died who reported the court-martial after the charge of the Light Brigade.

Dangerous Motorists

The Government is proposing to increase the punishment for drunken motorists to a fine not exceeding £50 and six months' imprisonment.

A Crowd Adrift on Ice

For the second time this season hundreds of skaters have been adrift on broken ice outside Copenhagen. With the help of searchlights and bonfires and fishing boats they were all rescued.

It has lately been stated that Mr Bonar Law's death was partly due to excessive smoking.

Rockefeller Gift to Oxford

The Rockefeller Foundation has offered a gift of £75,000 to Oxford University for developing its chemistry departments.

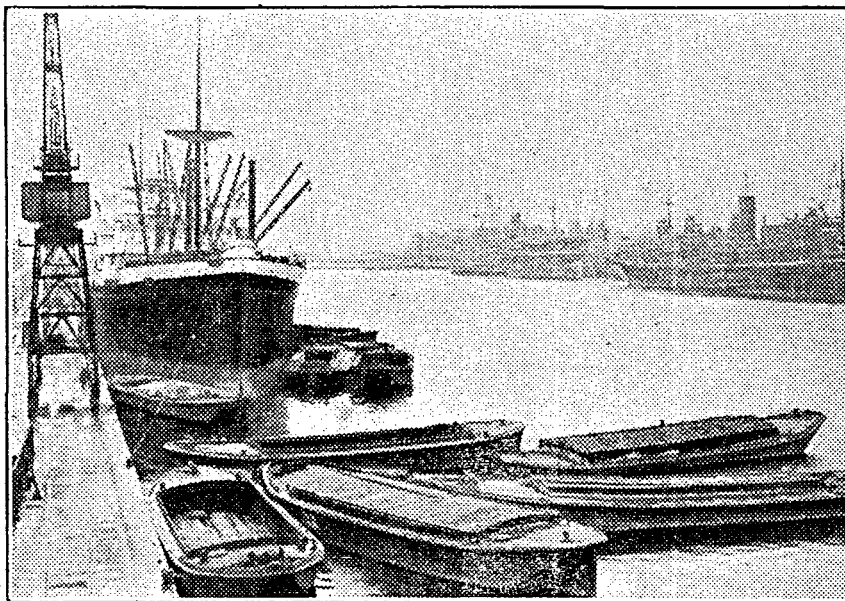
A Cripple's Famous Song

The composer of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," Mr. Harry Williams, has just died at Meer End, Kenilworth. He was fifty, and a cripple from birth.

Hungary's New Villages

Hungary has just received into her territory two villages on the Czech frontier—Somos and Somos Ujfalu—allotted to Hungary by a decision of the League of Nations.

THE DOCKS AT WORK AGAIN



The scene in London dockland during the strike



The busy scene at the docks in normal times

Everybody was relieved when the dock strike came to an end after the men had been idle for only a week. The deserted quays very soon became scenes of busy life once more, with hundreds of men unloading and loading up the ships

Continued from the previous column

found in it continually a line which he calls the green line, and this convinces him that where the Northern Lights originate is a quantity of nitrogen gas.

It is admitted by all scientists that on the fringe of the upper atmosphere the gases get thinner and thinner, and their particles farther apart. But hitherto it has been supposed that the lighter gases find their way up there, and that, perhaps on the very borders of the atmosphere, particles of hydrogen gas would be found. Lord Rayleigh used to teach that the light coming from the Sun, and passing through these particles of gas, was so bent that it produced the effect of blue light, and caused the blue colour of the sky.

Professor Vigard thinks otherwise. The green light in the spectrum of the Northern Lights, produced by electric discharges passing through the gas which

is there, has convinced him that that gas is nitrogen, and at the temperature at the height where the Northern Lights are produced nitrogen gas particles would be frozen solid; and it is this which leads Professor Vigard to believe that round the outer edge of our atmosphere is this curtain of nitrogen crystals, which acts as a kind of reflector for the wireless waves.

It is generally supposed that our atmosphere reaches out into space possibly several hundred miles, so that this crystal globe of nitrogen, if it exists, will be a great distance from us. A line of Shelley's comes to mind, the line in which he likens Earth to "a dome of many-coloured glass." The crystal globe around the Earth must be pure white, if it exists, but it would be truly a dome of glass such as Shelley had in mind when he wrote his famous elegy on the death of Keats

THE HEART OF VOLTAIRE

How it Was Lost and Found

STORY OF A CASKET

In a dusty corner of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, where scholars go to consult books as they go in London to the British Museum Library, the new librarian found the other day the lost and forgotten heart of Voltaire, the great French writer in the days of the Revolution.

Some who know what Voltaire wrote and thought would have said he had no heart; but there it was, found inside the pedestal of a statue of the man himself.

It is quite authentic. When Voltaire died, shortly after triumphantly returning to France from a long exile in Switzerland, the heart was taken from the embalmed body and given by the embalmer to Voltaire's niece. The niece bestowed it on M. de Villette, who had married Voltaire's adopted daughter; and when Villette died his heirs gave it to the French nation.

Hidden Among the Books

But Voltaire was then long dead. His body, without the heart, had been taken to the Panthéon, the Westminster Abbey of France, and put in a stone coffin. It disappeared from the coffin, however, and it is said that nobody now knows where the old bones lie.

The heart fared not much better. It was shuffled away in a corner among the million books of the library, and the casket containing it, placed inside the pedestal of the plaster cast, was forgotten. A metal plate with the inscription, "Here lies in repose the heart of Voltaire, bequeathed by the heirs of M. de Voltaire, December 16, 1864," was blackened by time, and the statue was covered with dust.

It will now, like Voltaire in his last days, have a new brief triumph, but no immortality. Soon it will be forgotten again, for the only hearts worth preserving are those which, like the old people in Maeterlinck's Blue Bird, live again in memory.

SOUTH AFRICA HAS A NEW PROBLEM

How are the Women to Vote? A PUZZLE OF FOUR PROVINCES

Votes for women will soon be once again a question for Britain, for the present basis of the woman's franchise is satisfactory to nobody. The suffrage question has just reached a critical stage in South Africa.

The Union House of Assembly has passed a Women's Enfranchisement Bill on its second reading by 54 votes to 48. That is a very narrow majority, and though the Bill has the support of General Smuts, the Prime Minister, it is doubtful if it will get through.

The difficulty, as with so many things in South African politics, lies in what is called the "colour bar." Cape Colony is the only Province of the Union where native and coloured men have the vote; in all the others—Natal, Transvaal, and Orange Free State—only whites have votes. What of the women? Are they to follow the same rule? Is the new law to give the vote to all women in Cape Colony and to white women only in the other provinces?

General Smuts in supporting the second reading, "urged the need for establishing a single qualification for women in the four provinces." He thought all women of a certain position might have the vote without regard to colour. This would mean that a well-to-do native woman would get it, while a poor white woman would not.

No doubt there would be no more injustice in this distinction than in the "colour bar" itself, but there would be little less heartburning. It is a complicated problem, and it will be interesting to watch the efforts for its solution.

ECHO OF A CHINESE CALAMITY

EARTHQUAKE AS A BLESSING

How One Disaster Stopped Another Still Greater

NATURE LESS FEARED THAN MAN

One of the most remarkable facts in connection with the earthquake which devastated a large part of the province of Kansu in China a year or two ago, as described in the C.N. recently, was the attitude of the people towards the great catastrophe.

Many of them, it appears, now look upon it in the light of a blessing, for, although the toll of life and destruction of property were enormous, they were, it is believed, much less than would have taken place had there been no earthquake.

The explanation of this amazing paradox is given by Mrs. Howard Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, in her book on "The Call of China's Great North-west," recently published by the R.T.S.

A Terrible Memory

The most remarkable development in connection with the earthquake, she says, was one which made the Chinese look upon it almost in the light of a blessing: it put an end to the threatened Mohammedan rebellion. The terrible experiences of former uprisings had taught them the lesson that "while Heaven slays its hundreds, Moslems massacre their myriads."

It is beyond question that such a rebellion was imminent, and as there are up to two or three million Mohammedans in the province, with the military forces largely under their control, it was a grave outlook. In a moment all was changed, and Mohammedan power and prestige were swept away, for the area of greatest destruction was largely populated by Moslems, and one of their chief religious leaders was entombed with hundreds of his followers.

Prayer in the Big Cave

Little was known of the fate of this remarkable man until one of his personal attendants came as a patient under Dr. Parry's care. This was at Tsin-ning-Chow, some three weeks after the earthquake. Ina, the Holy, as he was called, was the truly great leader of a sect he had founded. He had a presentiment, it would seem, of coming disaster, but he went night by night for prayer in the big cave used as a mosque.

On that fateful evening (December 16, 1920) he bathed and dressed early, and went to the mosque with his sons and attendants. It is believed that a conference of some sort was being held, and that hundreds of Moslem leaders were there with their chief. Whether it had to do with this rebellion or not will never be known, for while the service was going on the earthquake came, the cave fell, and no one escaped.

The Mountain Falls

"His home was in Sa-ku," wrote Dr. Parry, "a long valley mostly inhabited by Mohammedans. It is said that about ten thousand were buried by the falling of the mountains on both sides, which have filled the valley up level for miles."

As a result of this tragic experience, it is said, the attitude of the Moslem population is now far less aggressive than it used to be; and that is why the people look upon the earthquake in the light of a blessing. But what a sad comment on humanity it is to think that Nature, even in her most terrible moments, should be regarded as less terrible than man himself.

SIR ROBERT BLAIR LEAVES SCHOOL

General of London's Education Army

20 YEARS OF GOOD WORK

It is delightful to find that Sir Robert Blair, the Education Officer of the London County Council, now retiring after a life spent in the faithful work of education, has won from all who know him the high appreciation he has so well deserved.

Imagination fails to picture the far-reaching effects of the constant work done in the nation's schools. To a large extent that work is unwatched by the vast majority of the public, and unrealised. But it is a heaven that gradually determines in a large degree what the manhood of the nation will be. For 20 years Sir Robert Blair has been the executive chief of the greatest educational organisation in the world.

Man Who Loves His Work

His whole life was a training for his work. He began as a pupil teacher in a Scottish village when he was fourteen, and was an assistant master, a headmaster, and a Government inspector before he entered the service of the London County Council.

But experience, however long and thorough it might be, was not his chief qualification for the work he has done in London. His breadth of view, embracing all forms of education, and his delight in childhood, making him love his work, were even greater endowments than his routine experience. Every child in London schools, and every parent in London homes, should know that an organising general of the great educational army of London deserves, as he withdraws from his work, their grateful remembrances.

ROCHESTER STEEPLE

'Meanest Thing in Kent'

THE ARCHITECT'S POINT OF VIEW

We have received, and gladly publish, this note from Mr. E. Farley Cobb, of Rochester, concerning our note on the steeple of Rochester Cathedral.

We still think this steeple the meanest thing about this noble building, and one of the meanest things in Kent, and we see no reason why the steeple should not be more worthy without being too heavy; but we gladly allow Mr. Cobb to give our readers the architect's point of view.

The paragraph in the C.N. referring to the steeple of Rochester Cathedral might well have been written 21 years ago before a wealthy citizen of Rochester generously anticipated the suggestion therein made, and did his best to substitute a more worthy "crown" for the one then existing.

Lead-Covered Spire

If the present steeple is one of the meanest things in Kent the fault had its origin 600 years ago, when the central tower was completed and a lead-covered spire raised upon it in the form reproduced in 1904, with, however, the unfortunate addition of the four dormers at the base of the spire to accommodate the clock.

The 20th century architect wisely followed the example of his 14th century predecessor in refraining from overloading the supporting arches and piers in the effort to create an imposing central tower.

Stability is a great virtue in the supports of a tower, and rather rare in the central towers of great churches. The list of those that have fallen and have been rebuilt or strengthened to prevent disaster is a long one. Rochester has escaped owing to the modesty, not the meanness, of the later additions to ancient piers.

INSECTS THAT TOUR THE WORLD

Something New in Natural History

BIRD-FLIES AND THEIR WAYS

By Our South Kensington Correspondent

Through the careful studies of Mr. C. W. Johnson, an American naturalist, a little more knowledge has been gained about those curious and rare winged insects, the bird-flies.

Because they pass most of their life attached to the warm body of various species of wild birds, observation of these flies is very difficult.

There are not many species of these passenger flies, and among those discovered in America were a few species known in Europe for many years. This world-wide distribution of the few is explained as being due to the fact that they frequent certain kinds of migrating birds.

Like other insects which live on warm-blooded animals (as, for instance, the rat-flea that causes bubonic plague), these bird-flies very quickly detach themselves if their host dies, and dart off to seek another. If they do not soon succeed, it means their death.

For a long time it had been known that most of the mother bird-flies only produced one large egg at a time, a fact which partly accounts for their rarity. This egg develops into a curious larva, which, like that of the tsetse-fly, lives with its parent until full-grown. Then the parent either detaches herself from the bird and flies to a suitable spot to deposit the larva, or throws it overboard to look after itself.

THE LILT OF MAN'S SOUL

Poetry and the Life of the World

We like these words from a lecture by the new Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Mr. H. W. Garrod, who was speaking to students in the university examination schools.

As for the prospects of poetry, said Professor Garrod, the world and its life grow every day harder to express. So intractable had our material become that already one part of our poetry was dead altogether, and almost without our knowing it: that part which consisted in the union of speech and music, and which we called song.

Once the poet greeted with song all seen things, but today a song wanted two men's work, and one of them did it badly. The body of our joy had sensibly shrunk.

From the old Greek, and the old human unity of words, music, and dance, we had dropped to mere verse; and already we were asking whether it need scan, and, yet again, whether poetry need be in verse at all. About the answer he had no doubt. It need not; perhaps one day it would not. But in that day the soul of man would have lost something of its lilt.

MUSSOLINI'S FINE IDEA

Universities Free for Foreigners

Signor Mussolini, the Italian dictator, is still the mystery man of Europe.

He has done some bad things and some things that are very good, and everyone waits to know more before he is finally summed up.

Here is his latest good thing. He has decreed that any foreigner may attend the Italian universities and art schools without paying any fees.

Also, the Italian Government has formed a fund for helping any Italians who wish to pursue the higher branches of education abroad, and also the fee-free foreign students who may come to Italy.

If it is true, as some say, that he is lukewarm towards the League of Nations, does not this last act of his suggest that at heart he is in sympathy with that spirit of mutual helpfulness which is the most powerful motive of the League?

THE WHITE LINE ROUND A BARGE

WHAT IT MEANT

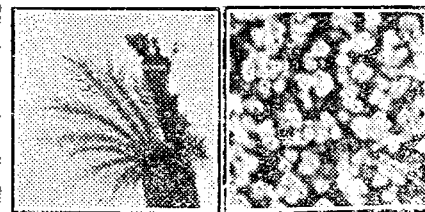
Millions of Living Tubes Built Up in a Few Weeks

BARGEMAN SCIENTIST

We are indebted to Mr. Charles Mayor, of Croydon, for an interesting account of what he believes to be a creature newly come to the waters of the Thames, and only quite recently classified.

Mr. Mayor is concerned in business with the form of river craft known as dumb barges—so called because they neither sail nor steam, but are towed by tugs or moved by very long oars.

One of these barges on the Thames was given a coating of pitch one day, and, owing to a strike of riverside



A serpulid greatly magnified

The little white tubes

workers, went into the Royal Albert Dock and lay there idle about seven weeks.

About seven weeks later the lighterman in charge noticed a white line had appeared all round the barge. The line increased while the barge was in the dock, and later during several trips on the river.

Close inspection showed that the white line was due to a mass of small white tubes growing close together round the barge for seventy feet, and covering the surface below the water-line.

As the growth was impeding the navigation of the barge it was scraped off, and a photograph was taken at close quarters with a stereoscopic camera. This showed the tubes standing out in relief from the tarred side of the barge.

Creatures that Live in Tubes

What were the tubes? Some of them were sent to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, and also to Cambridge. At neither place could they be identified. Later it was found that a description had been published in a French Zoological publication, and they were named *Mercierella enigmatica*, and were akin to the little creatures called serpulids living in little crinkly tubes found on stones and shells.

The tubes have a coral-like appearance. They look like little white coral pipes. Inside the tubes are little serpulids alive, and they protrude feather-like breathing gills, which they instantly withdraw when they have a sense of danger, and then close up the entrance to the tube just as the winkle closes its shell with a horny cap. On this knob which closes the tube the microscope shows a growth of what may be called trimmings, the use of which does not seem to be known.

The wonder is that such millions of perfect little coral-like tubes can have been secreted and built up out of the waters of a Thames dock in a few weeks.

Working in Secret

The worm-like little creatures inside the tubes had settled on the tarry sides of the barge, and somehow had built up around themselves, out of the dirty, muddy water of the dock, a creamy white array of beautiful little shelly tubes in which to hide. In this way, instead of old black tarred wood, the sides of the humble barge had been made by these secret workers to look coated with a pearly white coral.

And so a dumb barge, idle in the dirty water of a London dock, has been the means of puzzling wise men, who admit that the little creatures thus concealing themselves in the shelter they have made, and sealing themselves up when they are frightened, are, as their scientific name shows, something of an enigma.

NEWS FROM ICHABOE

WHAT A TRAVELLER FOUND THERE

Wonderful British Island with 25 Million Birds

THE TWO OLD WOMEN IN THEIR TINY HUT

It never rains in Ichaboe Island, but sometimes the light of the Sun is blotted out for long hours together. It is blotted out, not by clouds, but by birds.

These birds, including divers and gannets, arrive in a huge flight lasting for hours, and, with great companies of penguins, settle on the little white island, "vivid against the light brown sand of the great coast desert that fringes the South-West African Protectorate." The noise they make is tremendous. Their excitement is beyond human imitation.

They come to Ichaboe and the neighbouring islands to lay their eggs, hatch their young, and rear their families. No gun is ever fired in any of these islands. The birds are as safe there as in the remotest Arctic regions. They are the famous Guano Islands.

Strange Inhabitants

Mr. Lawrence Green gives in the magazine of the Overseas Club an account of a visit to Ichaboe. He went there in a coasting steamer, passing Plum-pudding Island, and Roast Beef Island, and landed on Ichaboe, the smallest of the group (it is only a mile long and 700 yards wide), at a time when it was occupied by 25 million birds.

Among these millions of birds, crowded together in this tiny space, he came across a mystery. He found there two ancient women, incredibly old, with wizened faces and habits like monkeys. No one knows how they came to Ichaboe.

They are of a Hottentot type, but they speak a strange language which no one can understand. They live in a tiny hut. Their food is thrown to them by the men in charge of the island. Sometimes they receive a few scraps from the ships which visit Ichaboe. They are allowed to take water from the tanks set up and carefully guarded on this rainless island.

The Leaky Tanks

Of these tanks Mr. Green narrates a dramatic incident. "They tell a story in the Guano Islands (he says) of a time when the water leaked from the old rust-eaten tanks; when a man, in fear of death from terrible thirst, set out for the mainland in a frail boat; of his journey along a barren coast, trudging wearily through thick sand; of his arrival with black and swollen tongue in Lüderitz. Water is conserved carefully there today."

There is a cemetery on this island. The graves are marked by rough stones and rude and mouldy wooden crosses, "with Portuguese inscriptions that take the mind back to the days of Vasco da Gama and Diaz, and early navigators who sailed the seas with backsticks for sextants in their brave, crazy three-deckers."

Diamonds on an Island

Diamonds have been found on this island. They puzzle geologists, and are thought to be washed up by the sea. When these islands were in German hands the Kaiser decreed that the sea-floor belonged to him, and diamond dredging was reserved as one of his rights, with the notorious gunboat Panther to protect them. In the same way all the seals on these islands were protected for German trade.

Now all these islands are included in the British Empire, and the flourishing agriculture of South Africa is marvelously enriched every year by the guano gathered in bags and shipped to her.

It is computed that the birds eat well over 6000 tons of fish in a year. If fish ceased to visit these tiny islands there would be no birds, no guano, no trade with the mainland, and the water-tanks would rust, leak, and perish.

FOR EVER AND EVER SMALL WHY THE INSECTS COULD NOT RULE THE WORLD

Taking the Wrong Path in the Long Ago

WHY THE MAMMALS WON THE RACE IN LIFE

In a few words, uttered the other night at the Royal Institution in London, Professor Joseph Barcroft gave an answer to a problem which has puzzled human minds for ages.

Insects, he said, have taken the wrong turning. Long ago they rejected the plan of using haemoglobin in the blood, and thereby lost all chance of reaching large size and strength. In their unconscious choice they sacrificed the opportunity to become warm-blooded and to wax great and powerful.

Here, then, in this profound simplicity is the solution of the old query: Why did not insects, instead of mammals, become the ruling class of the world, and make the Earth their own?

The notion is not so fanciful as it may seem. Insects have the most complex civilisation in the world next to that of Man. The organisation of the ant city and the beehive is incomparable except when contrasted with human institutions.

Cities of Wax

Honey bees build cities of wax of perfect architecture, tend their children with a care unknown in too many grades of human life, and establish hygienic conditions in the hive rivalled only in model habitations of men and women.

The ants have still more wonderful homes—cities underground, and, in the case of the white ants, huge fortresses hard as rock, which we can only destroy by blasting. Within such homes ants cultivate and harvest grain and eatable fungus, and make granaries and barns.

Ants keep cattle and milk them, the honey-yielding greenflies being their cows. They have their slaves and their pets, they cooperate in work, in war, in service and sacrifice, and they display an instinctive intelligence of dazzling brilliance, so possessing enormous advantages over other orders of life which lack this system of mutual aid.

All these wonders in insect life are immensely old. Insects are far more ancient than Man, and their arts and cunning were established procedure long ere mammals emerged from reptile forms.

Feeding the Brain

Such a wonderful mastery of life and methods should have led to world conquest, and hosts of naturalists have wondered why it did not.

The answer, we see, is simple. The insects never adopted warm red blood. They took the line of least resistance and kept to cold thin blood. This cold thin blood never nurtured a brain capable of the tremendous evolution which led to the rise of Man.

We talk of our aristocratic blue blood, but it is blue blood that is impure; the red arterial blood freshly oxygenated by the lungs, is the fluid which sustains our life and feeds the brain.

We all started from the same level, the same stock, but the insects stopped soon and short, marvels indeed, but cold-blooded marvels, without a future for all the million species into which they have grown in fixed forms.

STRANGE ATLANTIC WEATHER

A strange sudden change lately took place in the Atlantic weather. From being like the Arctic it suddenly became so warm that passengers on liners wore their flannels for the whole voyage from New York. An officer of thirty years' standing says he has never experienced such warmth in February.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What is the Swaraj Party in India?
The party that is agitating for complete Home Rule for India.

Why are Epsom Salts so Called?
Because this substance, crystalline magnesium sulphate, was first extracted from the waters of Epsom in Surrey.

Who was the First Prime Minister of England?

Sir Robert Walpole is generally regarded as the first Prime Minister, but the office was only officially recognised in 1905.

What is Gunpowder?
A mixture of sulphur, carbon, and saltpetre, which when confined in a limited space can be exploded. In an open space it burns without explosion.

Who was the Boy Bachelor?
Dr. William Wotton, a scholarly clergyman, who lived from 1666 to 1727. He was admitted to Catherine Hall, Cambridge, before he was ten, and took his B.A. degree at twelve and a half.

What is the Area of London?
London is a vague term. The City of London is 675 acres, the County of London 74,816 acres, the Metropolitan and City Police London 443,424 acres, and the Central Criminal Court London 268,356.

Why Did the Pharaohs Have a Badge on their Headdress?

The serpent worn on the forehead of gods and kings in ancient Egypt was an emblem of divinity and royalty. It is known as uraeus, and was a species of cobra di capello.

What Does Helvetiorum Fidei ac Virtuti Mean?

To the Honour and Valour of the Swiss. It is the motto above the famous sculptured Lion of Lucerne, erected in memory of the Swiss Guards who died defending the Tuileries in Paris in 1792.

Why is the British Flag Called the Union Jack?

The word Union commemorates the union of the three Parliaments of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the word Jack is a reminder of the time when crusaders wore the Cross on their coats, or jacques.

What is the Rosetta Stone?

The Rosetta Stone is a slab of black basalt, found in Egypt in 1799, which bears three versions of an inscription—in Greek, in Egyptian hieroglyphics, and in Egyptian demotic, or popular writing. By its aid the ancient hieroglyphic language of ancient monuments became readable.

Why is the World Not a Perfect Sphere?

The Earth and other heavenly bodies are thought to have been in a fluid state at one time, and as they whirled round on their axes they did what all such bodies, not perfectly rigid, would do, bulged at the Equator, and this resulted in the Poles drawing nearer together.

What is the Douay Version of the Bible?

It is the English translation of the Bible used by Roman Catholics, and was the work of certain Oxford scholars in exile from England. The New Testament was printed at Rheims in 1582, and the Old Testament at Douai, then a city of Flanders, but now in France, in 1609.

How is Clotted Cream Prepared?

The milk is stood in shallow pans for about twelve hours till the cream has risen, then the pans are placed on slow fires and the milk heated to about 180 degrees Fahrenheit. The living ferments are thus destroyed, and the cream, combined with coagulated albumen, rises. The pans are cooled and the cream separated off. On a larger scale steam is used for the heating.

What is the Energy of an Atom?

Nobody can say exactly, and it depends upon the particular kind of atom, but Sir Oliver Lodge calculates that the energy in a couple of grains of matter moving at one-tenth the speed of light would raise 100,000 tons 3000 feet; and another scientist says the energy of the atoms in a piece of chalk the size of a chestnut would drive the Aquitania across the Atlantic.

What are the Three Most Thickly Peopled Countries in the World?

England, with 701 people to the square mile; Belgium, with 636 people to the square mile; and Holland, with 544 to the square mile. The island of Java, belonging to Holland, has 700 to the square mile. Of course, some big countries like China and India, which have vast areas thinly populated, have other parts of their territory very thickly populated.

FLAMING SUNS THE WONDERS OF THE PLOUGH

Double Stars Visible to the Naked Eye

WHAT THE SPECTROSCOPE MADE KNOWN

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

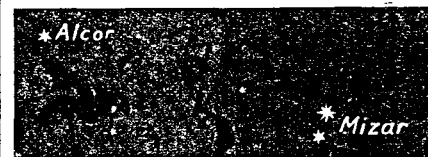
The famous "seven stars" of the Great Bear are now prominent.

Their almost equal brightness and geometrical arrangement, which earned for them the popular name of the Plough, make them the best known group in the northern heavens.

High in the north-east, about seven o'clock in the evening, they will be found; and later on will be seen to have swung for an eighth part of their course round the North Pole of the heavens by ten. They will then be nearly overhead.

Though only "seven stars" attract attention, there are nine within the group. Of these, two are outsiders and not members of this family of stars. These are Eta, at the tip of the Bear's tail, and Dubhe, the brightest and nearest one to overhead.

Of the remaining seven, two are of supreme interest. They are Mizar, the middle one of the three constituting the



The three stars of Alcor and Mizar, which are really six great suns

tail; and Alcor, which on a clear night may be easily seen close beside Mizar.

These are the best, and one of the few examples of "double stars" that come within the vision of the naked eye. But they are only double in the sense that they are companion suns, travelling in the same direction in space—towards the east—and that they are much nearer to each other than to any other star.

Mizar, the large one, is, as it were, chasing little Alcor across the heavens, with the remaining suns following behind. So far there is no evidence that Alcor revolves round Mizar; but when Mizar is observed through a telescope it is found to be two suns.

One of these suns is large, of almost second magnitude, and radiates about 80 times the light of our Sun; while what appears to be a smaller one of fourth magnitude, and radiates but a quarter of the light of the other, is seen, apparently, close beside the larger.

Globes of Hydrogen

To add to the marvel of this wonderful Mizar, it was found in 1889 that the larger of these two suns was itself composed of two suns. This was revealed by the spectroscope and discovered by the late Professor Pickering, this being the first spectroscopic binary to be discovered.

Later investigations have shown that these two flaming suns together are about nine times as massive as our Sun, and probably from thirty to forty times the size. They revolve round one another in about 20½ days, at a distance of about 28 million miles—two enormous globes of incandescent hydrogen.

There is also spectroscopic evidence that the other smaller star is a binary, or double sun; and even the little Alcor has been found to be the same; so where the naked eye reveals but two stars there are three pairs of fiery suns, all in an earlier state of evolution than ours.

Their light has taken about 88 years to reach us. This is according to trigonometrical measurements; while those based on the spectroscopic method give 86 years; so there is little doubt that they are about 5,700,000 times as far away as our Sun.

Other Worlds. In the morning Jupiter and Mars rise about 3 a.m. Saturn rises in the evening about 9 p.m. Venus is in the west.

EAGLE FEATHER

A Tale of White Men Among the Red Men

What Has Happened Before

A caravan party of brave pioneers is making its way across the great American plain towards Kentucky.

The expedition is led by Joshua Halifax and his seventeen-year-old son, David. Mrs. Halifax and her younger children are in one of the wagons.

On the edge of the wilderness that lies between them and their goal the pioneers camp for the night. Soon after darkness has fallen they are attacked by Shawnee Indians.

CHAPTER 4

What Does It Mean?

THE yell of the savages had awakened the sleeping women and children in the wagons.

Here and there a wail from a frightened baby arose, and was instantly hushed. Everything had happened in the space of a minute. The hills and forest were now as silent as if they had never echoed to the ear-splitting shriek of the Shawnees. But it was now the breathless silence, not of sleep, but of fear.

What would the Indians do next? Were they watching from the shady forest, to fire again the moment any man showed himself in the light? The white men were at a terrible disadvantage, for the embers of the camp fire behind them made them into distinct targets if they so much as raised their heads.

The Indian, however, had a special method in his fighting that looked at first like cowardice, but was in reality a well-thought-out strategy. He fought and ran away that he might "live to fight another day." His battles took the form of a series of surprise attacks.

The backwoodsmen, after firing at random after the shadowy disappearing figures of the Redskins, had dropped again to the ground, hastily reloading their muskets. The leader, Joshua Halifax, whispered his order:

"Make for my wagon!"

The men crawled on hands and knees, pushing their guns before them towards the shadows, away from the betraying light of the fire. The Halifax wagon had been drawn up nearest the forest. Every moment they expected another fusillade of arrows. But the woods remained deathly still. Even the wild things had stopped their faint noises, scared into silence by the Indians' yell.

In the shadow of the wagon the men whispered in council. Hot-headed Jake Simpson was the first to speak.

He was for following the "skulking red dogs," and taking instant revenge.

Mr. Halifax answered with wiser counsel. "Now, Jake," he said, "you listen to reason. What chance have we got following those Indians through this wilderness in the dead of night? They know every foot of the woods. We know nothing of it. They'd lead us a fine chase, double back, and find our families here without protection."

"Then what are we to do?" returned Jake hotly. "Stay here to be shot down like quails in a covert? I thought better of your courage than that, Josh."

"Jake's right," spoke up another voice in the thick darkness. It was John Anderson. "We'll wait till morning, then go after them and teach them what's what."

As they talked every man's ears were strained for the slightest sound from the Indians, who might be within ten feet of them.

"Now listen here, boys," said Mr. Halifax firmly. "Unless those Indians break out again tonight I'm for leaving them alone."

A chorus of whispered protest came from the other men. Only

Set down by John Halden

David, listening silently, nodded his head in agreement. He understood his father's point of view.

"Ten to one," went on the leader, unperturbed by the protest, "those Indians are young Shawnees braves out hunting, and this attack was only a mischievous impulse. Cornstalk, chief of the Shawnees, has given us his word that we shall be allowed through this wilderness safely. I've never known an Indian of Cornstalk's standing to break his word unless he had more than good reason."

"Well, he's broke it now," interrupted one of the men impatiently. "It's only by good luck that one of us was not hit instead of Simpson's heifer. That tomahawk just missed Dave's head by an inch."

"Hold on a minute, Lew," returned the calmer voice of David's father. "You make me tired, all you hot-heads so crazy to start a war. I'm telling you I don't think the Shawnees have attacked us. When Cornstalk smoked the pipe of peace with Daniel Boone and me, and said he'd never stop us getting through to Boonesborough with our families, about half the braves stood out scowling black as thunder. They didn't like it, and I, for one, don't blame them."

"Ever since any of them can remember they've had what we call Boonesborough plain for a hunting-ground. The deer and elk and buffalo are as thick there as bees in a hive. Now, we're not going to stop them from hunting there, but they know as well as you do that the white man settling there will drive all the game farther West within a few years. Naturally they hate it like poison, and I say I can see their reason."

"Then what do you mean to do, Josh Halifax?" came an angry whisper from the darkness. "Do you figure to let us all be scalped in our beds just because you see their point? If that's your lay, then I'm turning right around and taking my family back to where we started from. I'm not following any leader that thinks a lot of red dogs have a right to shoot us down."

Murmurs of approval came from the other men.

"Just you keep quiet there, Jake Simpson," returned Joshua sternly. "You were always one to start trouble in a hurry. What I say is, Cornstalk has given his word that we shan't be molested. If he's changed his mind and sent these braves to attack us, then it's an act of war, and we know what to do."

"But I say it's likely Cornstalk doesn't know anything about this, and some of the discontented braves have attacked us on their own score, disobeying Cornstalk. If that's so, then it's his business to punish them, not ours. If we try to do it, ten to one we'll shoot the wrong Indians, and then their relatives will have the right to come back to us, and we're in a war before we know it, and all our wives and children along."

CHAPTER 5

David's Plan

DAVID, though not missing a word of the council, had been circling his gun in the darkness, ears and eyes straining for the least evidence of movement. Now he spoke his mind. "Father," he said, "I got a pretty fair glimpse of one of those Indians as he slid back into the woods. I think he was painted red and blue and yellow for peace, not black with white markings for war."

"If that's so," said Mr. Halifax eagerly, "then this attack was on impulse, not by design. 'If there's any doubt I'll not consent to take the chance of bringing on a war by our own action. There's a hundred of them in this forest to one of us. They could exterminate us in a week if they wanted to.'"

"Well, I'm starting back to-morrow," said Jake Simpson sullenly. "I don't walk into no death-trap, with my wife and babies."

David had been thinking.

"Father," he said, "why don't you let me go to Cornstalk's village—you've got that map of Daniel Boone's showing where it is—and find out what this means. You all can wait here in this camp. It's fairly safe for you, so long as you don't attempt to push on into the wilderness. I'll tell Cornstalk what's happened, and if it's been done against his orders he'll make an example of the warriors who did it, and we can go on in safety."

"But if he's decided to stop our going any farther, maybe he'll take my word for it that we'll go back quietly. And if he's determined to exterminate us, well, you'll know by my not coming back."

"You're a brave lad, Davie," said his father.

He saw at once the wisdom of his son's plan, but his heart was heavy. If, in spite of promises, the Indians had turned hostile, he knew that David would either be kept as a hostage, or tortured to death with the horrible cruelties of which the savages were master. Still, he could not consider his natural feelings. There were women and children in the party. If his son must be offered as a sacrifice for their safety, it must be done without flinching.

David was the best shot and the most accomplished in woodcraft among the younger settlers. They could not spare a grown man from the caravan. David must go.

CHAPTER 6

The Map of Daniel Boone

THE Indians gave no sign of intending a further attack, so, their policy decided, the men dispersed to their various wagons to spend the hours till dawn in sleepless watch.

David and his father were to study Daniel Boone's map of the wilderness. Dan and his sister Nancy had been posted ever since the war whoop at the two openings of the wagon, there to watch for any sign of the savages' return. Indeed, as David rose silently out of the darkness beside the wagon he found himself confronted by the bore of a large pistol, held in the not-too-steady hand of the little boy.

"Hold on there, Dan!" he laughed, putting the weapon aside. "Don't go getting careless!"

Danny's unnaturally widened eyes relaxed a little, and he drew a long sigh of relief as he put down the gun. His responsibility as the sole man left in the wagon had weighed heavily on him.

"Dave," he whispered: "where are the Indians?"

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"I reckon they caught sight of you behind that pistol, sonny," returned his brother, putting his hand on the youngster's shoulder in one of his rare caresses.

"Was that Bessie they killed?" asked Danny, referring to the cow that had been struck by the tomahawk.

"Yes, poor old Bess!" answered David. "But she had a stone in her hoof, and had strained a ligament, so she could hardly hobble along. Like as not we'd have had to butcher her, anyway."

"We'll be lucky if they haven't driven off the rest of the cattle," said Mr. Halifax, in a low voice, so as not to waken little Annie.

"Joshua! Do you think they have?" replied his wife anxiously.

Her first thought was for the milk that the children needed.

"We can't tell till morning," answered her husband. "Still, we must be thankful no one is hurt. I've got something to tell you, Elizabeth," he continued gently. "David must go to Cornstalk's camp and find out what this attack means. If the Indians are declaring war we'll have to turn back, for we can't fight hampered as we are."

Mrs. Halifax understood instantly what this meant in perils for her eldest son. But the women of the backwoods, no less than the men, were brave-hearted, and she only nodded with compressed lips.

Her eyes, however, full of trouble, sought out David, where, by the light of a lantern, he was studying Daniel Boone's roughly-sketched map of the wilderness. It consisted of a few lines and crosses only, burnt on a piece of buffalo hide with a hot iron. The Wilderness Road was clearly marked, and the site of Cornstalk's camp, well to the south-east, was also shown.

David looked up to smile affectionately at his mother.

"I reckon I can get there in a couple of days with my eyes shut," he said, minimising the difficulty for the sake of reassuring her, for he was not given to boasting. "Once I've told Cornstalk what those rascals have done tonight, he'll have them all up in council and disgraced, you see if he doesn't. Most likely he'll send me back with a heap of presents, a blanket for you, a string of beads for Nancy, and maybe a real painted bow and arrow for Danny here."

Nancy had listened and said nothing. The news that her adored brother was going out alone into the wilderness, infested with possibly hostile savages, had made her pink cheeks paler; but she, like her mother, hid her anxiety. She busied herself preparing food for him to take on his journey, for she realised that he would have little enough time to shoot on the way. So she chose the best pieces of the turkey they had boiled that night, put a supply of cornbread and shelled nuts in a bag, and broke off some large chunks of maple sugar to serve as sweet.

These were delicacies, and she knew that, if consulted, her brother would vote them as unnecessary. So she put in several days' supply of jerky—that is, dried strips of venison—nutritious, but not, thought Nancy, very exciting.

Now, while Nancy prepared his pack, David spent the midnight hours copying Daniel Boone's map with a bit of charcoal on a piece of white birch bark. The leather original was too valuable to take.

Mrs. Halifax, persuaded by her husband, lay down and pretended to sleep. Danny, worn out with the night's excitement, fell asleep in earnest, and dreamed strange, exciting dreams.

Danny chuckled aloud in his sleep, and David, bent over his birch bark map, looked up questioningly, then saw that the youngster was dreaming, and returned to his work. For himself, he gave not a thought to what might befall him on the next day's journey, though strange dangers were to come to him, and adventures more unbelievable than Daniel, in his dreams, could ever have imagined.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Storyteller

THERE is a famous story about a man who had a long sleep, and it is read and loved by English-speaking boys and girls all over the world, and has also been translated into many other languages.

This was written by an American author who won great literary fame, and whose output of books was very great, including essays, stories, legends, and histories.

The son of a well-to-do New York merchant, who had migrated from Scotland to America, he was not dependent upon his own efforts for a living, and the fact that he was able to follow his bent proved of benefit to the world, for had he become a lawyer, as was intended, or a merchant like his father, he might never have had the time or inclination to give us the delightful books that have been a source of pleasure to so many.

His health was poor, and as a boy he could not go to school, but was educated at home by his brothers. Then he spent some years wandering about near his home, talking with the peasants and collecting the old country legends.

He next travelled in Europe, and on returning to New York began studying law. But his wandering habits had not fitted him to settle down to regular study, and as he was given an interest in the business established by his father and carried on by his brothers, he had ample means.

He had written several witty and imaginative works which had become immediately popular, and now, during a visit to England, where he met Sir Walter Scott, he wrote the story of the sleepy man and other short sketches that were gathered together and issued in volume form. The book made him famous. It had a greater success than any collection of short papers had ever had before, and it is now an English classic.

Sir Walter Scott was very kind to the young author, and helped him in many ways. When his publisher failed, Scott found him another and was loud in praise of his writings.

Later he became secretary of the American Legation in London, where he was very popular, and then he was made United States Minister in Spain. He had written on Spanish history, and he used his opportunity to gather further information for additional books. Some of these, too, are classics.

The closing years of his life were spent in a delightful home on the Hudson River, and when he died, in 1859, he was buried in a quiet spot, the scene of one of his stories. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





The Crocus Hoards the Sunset Gold for You



DI MERRYMAN

MASTER JOHN was looking at an invitation card which had been sent to his mother. At the bottom of it were the initials R.S.V.P.

"I suppose, Mother," said Johnnie, "this is from the Royal Society for Vermin Protection?"

What Am I?

I AM a tiny little thing,
I neither dance, nor play, nor sing.
I'm neither flesh, nor bones, nor skin,
By all I am considered thin.
I change, but yet remain the same,
And mid all changes keep my name.
I'm not a feather, though as light,
Nor silver, though I'm often white.
If I and my companions dear
Should take our leave and disappear,
You'd from your self-importance fall,
And be the laughing-stock of all.

Answer next week

WHAT bow can no one tie or untie? A rainbow.

A Sinking Fund

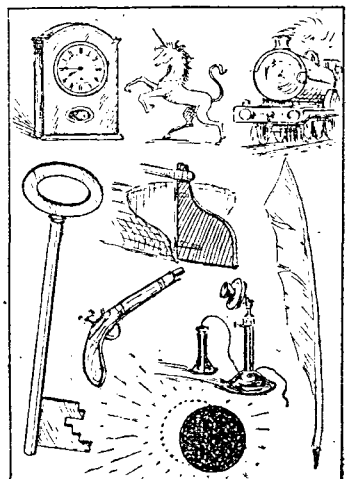
HERE is a little experiment by which we can prove to our friends that we can make water stand up in a heap!

First we take an ordinary drinking-glass, and stand it on a plate. Then we pour in water until it is absolutely level with the top of the glass, the rim of which should be quite dry. Now we require some pennies, and these we very carefully drop into the glass one at a time.

It will then be found that the water slowly rises in a slight mound above the rim of the glass, and if great care is used it is possible for a surprising number of coins to be dropped into the water before it overflows.

Of course, the glass must be perfectly level, and it is a good plan to wet the pennies before sinking them, so that they disturb the surface of the water as little as possible.

A Hidden Word Puzzle



When placed in their correct order, the initial letters of the words represented by these drawings will spell the name of a little man we all know. Can you find out who he is?

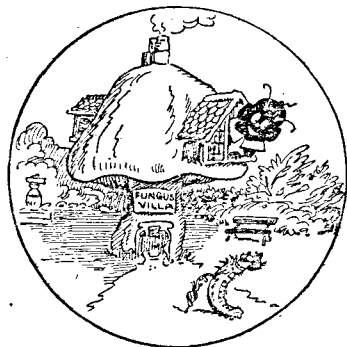
WHERE are the kings of England crowned? On their heads.

Broadcasting

A VIVACIOUS old tutor of Tooting Day and night on the flute would be fluting.
When they cried "Go away!" All the louder he'd play—
That obnoxious flute-tutor of Tooting.

WHAT it is that the rich man wants for, the poor man has, the miser spends, and the spend-thrift saves? Nothing.

The Old Home



OLD "Mushroom Cot" a Brownie took
Just as decay had claimed it.
He had it altered and repaired
And "Fungus Villa" named it.
A shabby grub crawled past, his heart
With sad emotions swelling.
"To think," said he, "the likes of me
Was born in that smart dwelling!"

Is Your Name Spence?

SPENCE is an old North Country word for pantry, and is used by Tennyson in his Talking Oak, in the sense of refectory, "Bluff Harry broke into the spence."

The ancestor of people bearing this name was probably a servant in a large house who had charge of the spence, or larder.

Spencer is not the same name; it means a dispenser or buyer, and was originally given to someone whose work and title in a large house was that of dispensing gifts and goods.

WHAT is lengthened by being cut at both ends? A ditch.

The Gentle Answer

A DINER in a restaurant angrily called the waiter.

"Fetch the manager at once!" he exclaimed. "I have found a beetle in my soup!"

"Well, keep it quiet, please, sir," whispered the waiter. "Many of the customers sitting at these tables near you have been here regularly for years, and they have never yet had anything extra thrown in."

A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in palace but not in house,
My second's in pheasant but not in grouse,
My third is in thimble but not in thread,
My fourth is in tremble but not in dread,
My fifth is in river but not in wave,
My sixth is in victor but not in brave,
My seventh's in saddle but not in rein,
My eighth is in cudgel but not in cane,
My ninth is in seeing but not in sight,
My whole is a place of learning and light.

Answer next week

WHAT is both food for the body and food for the mind? Bacon.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I? Echo

A Built-up Word Stonehenge
Arithmetical Puzzle The word COMIC

Jacko Blacks His Face

IT wasn't often that Jacko had the house to himself; and when his mother went out one afternoon to Grandpa's with the baby, leaving Jacko to get Father's supper, Jacko was highly delighted. Four hours all to himself, and the whole house for a playground. What should he do?

As he was wondering he caught sight of a big bottle on Adolphus's dressing-table.

"What's that?" murmured Jacko. "Some bosh he puts on his hair, I'll be bound."

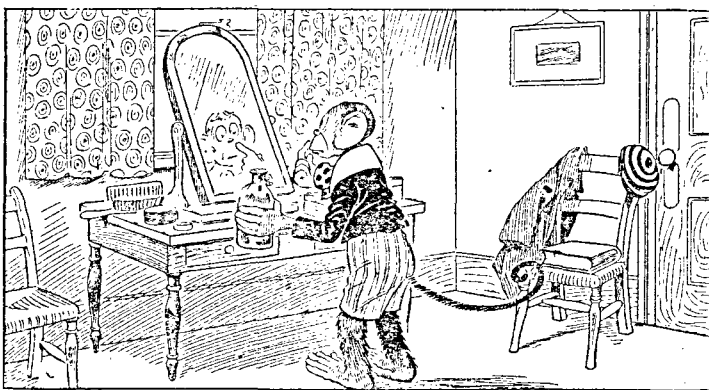
He pulled out the cork, and smelled it. He held his nose too close, for when he caught sight of it in the glass there was a brown dab on the end of it.

"Coo!" cried Jacko. "That looks funny," and, tipping up the bottle, he drew his finger along the opening and smeared the brown stuff across his face.

Then he looked in the glass and burst out laughing.

"I know what I'll do," he cried. "I'll black it all over, and dress up, and go out and play the banjo!"

He rushed off and found a sponge, and in five minutes there was not a white spot to be seen on his face or his hands.



"Coo!" cried Jacko. "That looks funny"

Then he rummaged in Adolphus's wardrobe till he found a pair of white trousers, a striped coat, and a straw hat. The rest of his costume he could supply himself.

"What a game!" chuckled Jacko. "Now, where's that old banjo?"

It was in the attic. Jacko snatched it up, and ran down the stairs, and out of the house.

But as he reached the garden gate he caught sight of three familiar figures just turning the bend of the road—Grandpa Jacko, his mother, and the baby.

Jacko doubled back to the house as fast as he could go.

Why his mother had altered her plans, Jacko had no idea. But if Grandpa was coming to tea, so much the better. A visit from Grandpa always meant a new half-crown for Jacko.

He dashed upstairs, tore off his nigger clothes, put on his own, and, picking up a towel, began scrubbing at his face.

But as the towel didn't seem to make much impression, he decided to wash it. But no amount of washing made any impression on Jacko's mahogany countenance. The only effect it had was to make it shine. The more he rubbed the more he shone.

"Jacko!" called his mother's voice from below. "Come down and speak to Grandpa."

Jacko muttered something and went on rubbing.

"Didn't you hear your mother speak to you?" called Father's voice. "Come down at once."

Jacko gave a helpless glance at the mirror and went down.

"Mercy! What have you done to your face?" shrieked his mother, as she caught sight of him.

"Go and take that mess off!" ordered his father sternly.

"I—wish—I could," spluttered Jacko. And then they all began talking at once.

"If it's my home-made furniture polish you've got hold of," declared his mother, "it'll be weeks before you get it off."

And it was—much to the delight of the whole neighbourhood.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Breakdown Van

A big engineering firm has fitted up a travelling repair shop for motor-cars and lorries which can be called by wireless, no matter where it may be.

A car that is broken down on the road is usually not far from a telephone, and if the owner rings up the firm in question, they will be able to send a message by wireless to the van, which will hurry to the spot.

Le Fourgon aux Accidents

Une grande maison de constructeurs-mécaniciens vient d'agencer un atelier ambulant de réparations pour automobiles et auto-camions, que l'on peut appeler par la Télégraphie sans Fil de n'importe quel endroit.

Une auto en panne sur la route se trouve généralement à peu de distance du téléphone, et si son propriétaire appelle la maison en question, celle-ci pourra communiquer par la T.S.F. avec l'atelier, qui se rendra aussitôt sur les lieux.

Tales Before Bedtime

Speckle

JANE loved to spend the day on Grandpa's farm.

She didn't go very often, because Grandpa lived several miles away, but every now and then he would drive over for her, and then Jane would wish hard for the day to be twice as long, because she knew the time would go so quickly.

For there were such lots of things to see on Grandpa's farm. There was the big black horse that would trot up when Grandpa called, and take an apple out of his pocket! And you could see the cows being milked, or watch the dairy-maids making butter; and sometimes Grandpa would have a lovely surprise, like little yellow fluffy ducklings.

But best of all Jane loved Speckle.

Speckle was a wise-looking old hen with beady eyes that Grandpa had had a long time—far too long, he said, for she never laid any eggs. And, indeed, there was no knowing what might have happened to Speckle if Jane hadn't taken a special fancy to her.

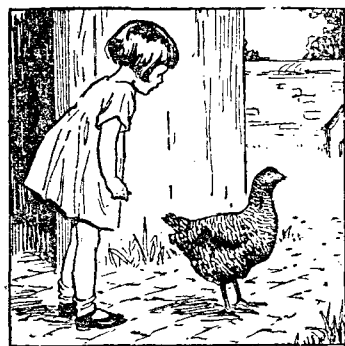
One day, however, when Jane ran out into the yard to find Speckle she was nowhere to be seen, and when Grandpa made inquiries he found that no one had seen her for days.

"Never mind, Jane," he said. "She'll turn up again."

But Jane couldn't forget Speckle; and presently she slipped off into the meadow.

"Speckle, Speckle, where are you?" she called. But there was no sign of Speckle.

Then Jane remembered the wood behind the farm. In a twinkling she was over the gate and running down the



Speckle was a wise-looking old hen

twisty path. But it was very dark and creepy in the wood, and she didn't like it a bit. She was just going to turn back when there was a loud noise just under her feet; and something brushed past her.

Jane jumped. She started to run, and stopped, for her eye had caught sight of something white on the ground. She stooped and saw—six fine eggs!

And when she came back on tiptoe with Grandpa, a minute or two later, there was Speckle proudly sitting on her eggs!

So now Grandpa keeps Speckle for her own sake as well as for Jane's.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 8, 1924

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s.; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below

ORANGE GROVE NEAR LONDON • THE ARMADA AGAIN • A KENT ELEPHANT



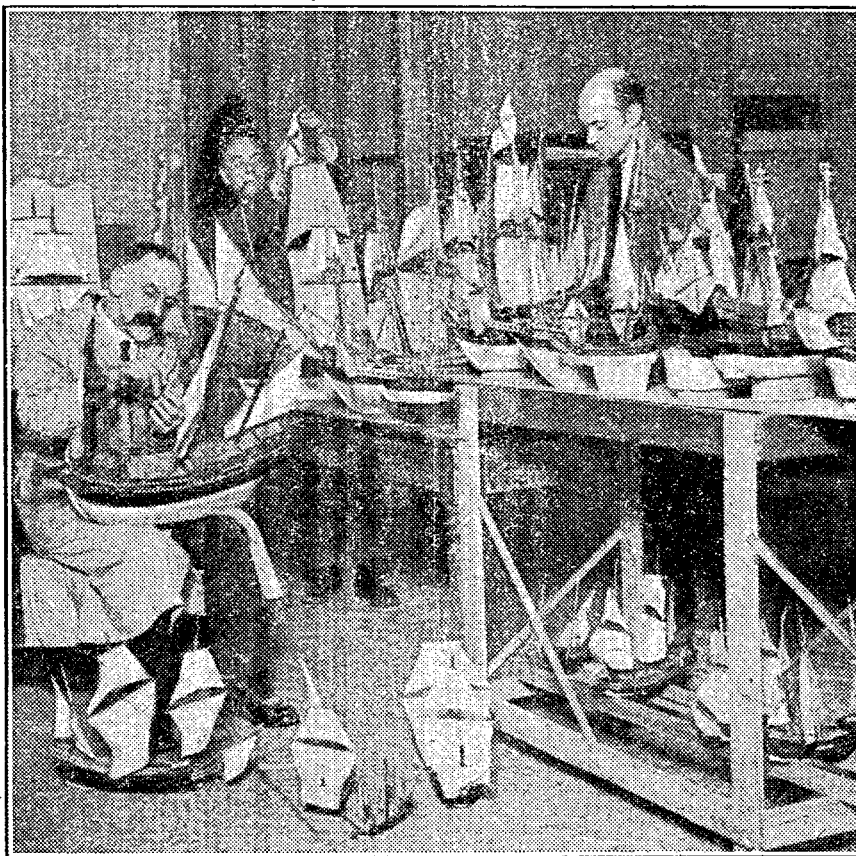
Oranges Growing Near London—This orange grove, with the fruit well-formed and ripening, contains two thousand trees, and is found in a glasshouse at Sawbridgeworth, near London



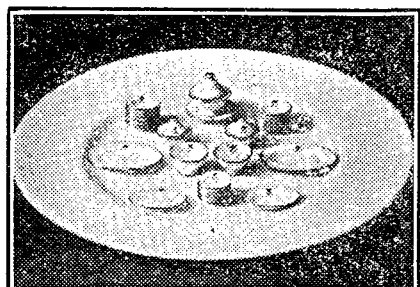
A Village Without Water—The village of Canewdon, near Southend, in Essex, is soon to have a water supply laid on. At present it has none, and the people buy their water at the door



Remains of a Kent Elephant—This giant bone, now at the Natural History Museum, Kensington, is the thigh bone of a prehistoric elephant found at Chatham. The smaller bone is that of a modern Indian elephant



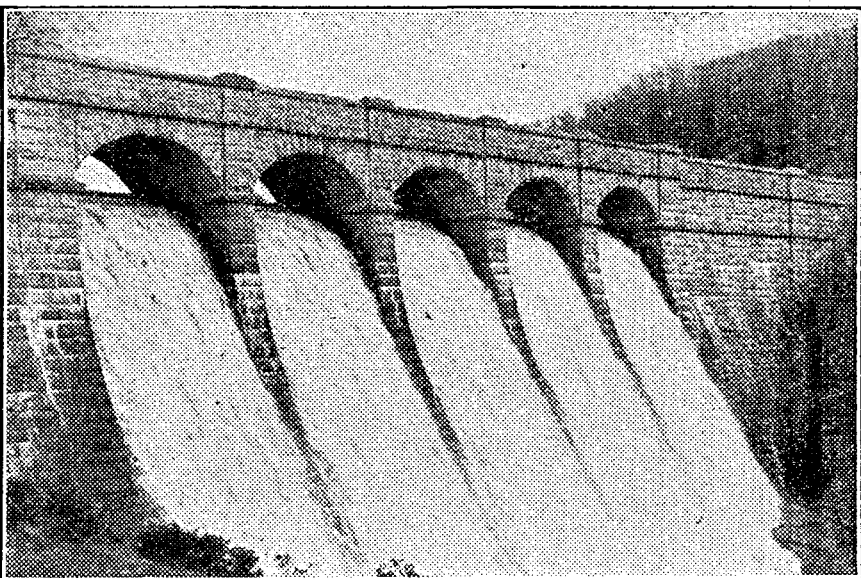
The Spanish Armada Appears Again—All kinds of wonders will be seen at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley this summer, including large reproductions of the Taj Mahal and Tutankhamen's tomb. On the lake will be types of all kinds of ships, including a miniature Spanish Armada; and here we see the model galleons and other sixteenth-century vessels being made for the British Government's exhibit. All the models are historically correct



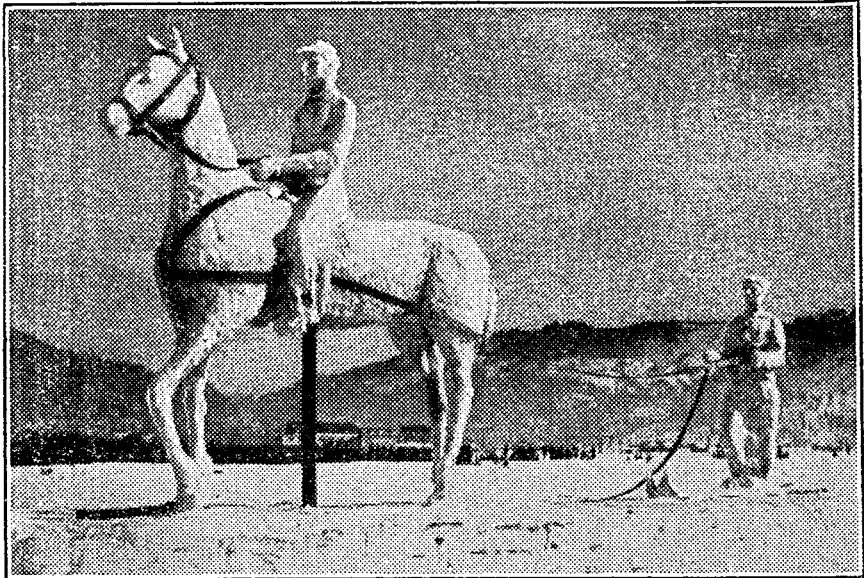
A Tiny Dinner Service—The Royal Doulton dinner service made for the Queen's Doll's House standing on an ordinary dinner plate



An Awkward Spill—Bobsleigh running is not always so easy as it looks; and the party shown in the picture, which was taken at Oberhof, in Germany, has misjudged a sharp curve, and met with a very awkward spill



Plymouth's Mighty Reservoir—This great dam at the Burrator Lake, on Dartmoor, holds up water for the supply of Plymouth; and it is now to be raised ten feet higher, when the reservoir will be greatly enlarged, and will then be capable of holding 1000 million gallons in reserve



The Snow Man Off for a Ride—This remarkable example of snow sculpture, representing a man on a horse towing another man on skis, was the work of Professor Brugner of Munich and elicited much admiration from those who saw it. As can be seen, the horse is very life like

SEARCHING THE HEART OF A PLANT—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH

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